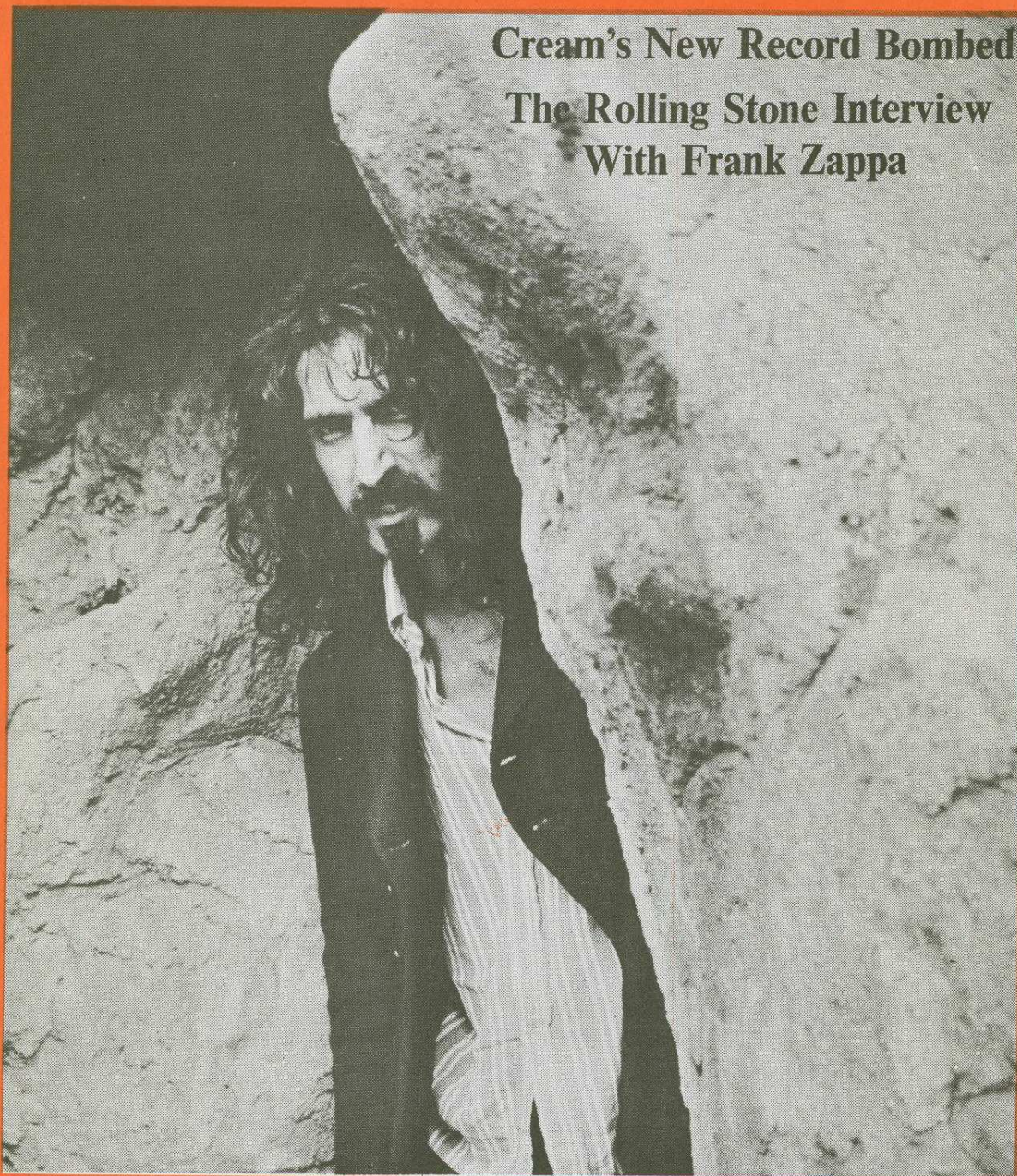


ROLLING STONE

ACME

JULY 20, 1968

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



Cream's New Record Bombed

**The Rolling Stone Interview
With Frank Zappa**

ROLLING STONE

JULY 20, 1968
VOL. II, No. 3
(WHOLE No. 14)
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

Cream's New Record Gets Bombed --- See Page 20



Jack Bruce at work on "Wheel of Fire"

APPLE ON CAPITOL

The Beatles have signed an agreement with Capitol Records, headquartered in Los Angeles, to manufacture, distribute and market the group's new label, Apple Records, in the United States and Canada. In addition to the distribution agreement, the Beatles and Capitol also agreed that from now on, the Beatles' own recordings—currently being released on Capitol—will henceforth be issued on Apple Records.

The first release by Apple in this country is tentatively scheduled to be George Harrison's soundtrack for the film *Wonderwall*, now planned for late July or early August. Apple has also

signed some heretofore unknown artists for production and recording.

Meanwhile, the hope that the Beatles would undertake another concert appearance was expressed in London last week. British concert promoter Vic Lewis mentioned the Beatles in connection with a rock and roll show he is currently trying to line up for Moscow. He went to Russia to make the arrangements for this cultural exchange, also possibly including Donovan and Nina Simone, as well as the Beatles, whom he hoped would consider another concert because of the uniqueness of it.

STONES STUDIO FIRE

A Rolling Stones recording and filming session in London was interrupted by fire Tuesday, June 11. The incident occurred at 4:15 a.m., when the roof of Olympic Sound Studios was seen furiously ablaze. A three-engine fire brigade put the conflagration out.

The Stones were recording a track for their next album, *Beggars Banquet*, and the session was being filmed by French director Jean-Luc Godard with whom they are working on film called *One Plus One*. The blaze was the fault of a malfunctioning arc-lamp.

Commented Mick Jagger:

"The fire brigade was so thorough in extinguishing the blaze, our Hammond organ and all the electrical equipment was completely drenched. The sequence will have to be retaken." And the phlegmatic Charlie Watts added, "It was bloody frightening."

The Stones, whose most recent music (such as the current "Jumpin' Jack Flash") has shown a return to electric rock sounds from the jungle-and-outer-space style of *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, must have given their fiercest performance (albeit to a small audience) since the famous on-stage electrocution in Sacramento in 1966.

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Little Richard hard at work

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

The days are gone when the old WOR-FM programmed Spector's "River Deep Mountain High" on Murray the K's show and through-out the day at the beginning of every hour. This has been replaced on WNEW-FM (Bill Drake's "new groove") by a half-assed, pseudo-intellectual amalgamation of classical and rock music. As for the d.j.'s, Rosko is still cool and collected with fairly hip stuff. Scott Muni remains as commercial as he was on WOR-FM, but fairly good. However, Allison Steele and Nell Basset (left-overs from the days when WNEW-FM was an Easy Listening station—Sinatra, Andy Williams et al) are super-phony, and even have trouble pronouncing groups' names.

As for WOR-FM, forget it. It is impossible. Since Bill Drake's takeover, the imported (from the Coast) d.j.s spiel a mile-a-minute, a la AM Top 40 stations. The programming is strictly Top 40: one new record (Sui preme, Beatles, 4 Seasons, Pet Clark, Sonny and Cher) to one oldie 24 hours a day in over-trebled stereo with contests, gimmicks, oldie albums and all the paraphernalia of AM programming.

Recently, WABC-FM has appeared on the scene with a smattering of good music. However, the quality rock is heaved against the New York Met games and they receive precedence. The programming is between that of WNEW-FM and WOR-FM. It's still too early to tell what will happen here, if anything.

STEVE RYAN
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

Actually, this is intended for Richard Fannan:

Da Doo Ron Ron to you too. I remember that Blueberry Hill summerfallwinterspring when the Ronettes drove me nearly up a wall too. God bless Phil Spector.

That last paragraph, however, asks an open question, sort of like your favorite DJ asking you to write in: "What is going on when it's Mick Jagger who sings, 'Let's Spend the Night Together?' What would happen if Grace Slick starred in a stag movie," etc. . . .

OK. How do you react when Janis Joplin sings-swears in that raunchy voice, "Down on me, down on me-ee?" Marianne Faithful probably doesn't have time to sing those lyrics, friends of mine in England tell me she's too busy working out at night together. Maybe Grace Slick did star in a stag movie—would that be better; would that prove her true sexual potential? I've seen a good number of stag movies, blue flicks, and near kin. If one's talents shine through in a really good stag movie, then don't bother singing; if, on the other hand, one is in that vast faceless skinbody-on-film, the kind whose professional names are Gigi Latour, but who play girls named . . . (no, Grace Slick is too obvious to choose) named Betty Brown; if that is where you are, and you can sing, the choice of profession seems pretty obvious, too . . . Let's see . . . No. I've never seen Little Eva naked; why should I—she's not selling her boobs, she's selling her ability to make me want to see them.

I just think Mr. Fannan is confusing that time in his life when outlined crotchets were an overpowering sexual stimulus, while the truth of the gesture didn't count — only the facade. Maybe the Ronettes were frigid.

LITA ELISCU
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

We have really appreciated and enjoyed the music KYA has been playing for the past several days. This type of music carries a message that needs to be heard more often and by more people. The radio

is one means of carrying this message. By playing this music they are doing their part in contributing to the people's awareness of the state the United States and the world is in. We hope that more radio stations will continue to play these very meaningful songs.

ROLLING STONE, like all other newspapers, is also a carrier of this message. We hope in some way you will encourage all people to do their part, no matter how small it may be.

DOROTHY DU LANY
EMI IKEDA

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.

During the days of Robert K. Kennedy's death and funeral, KYA, a top-40 radio station in San Francisco, programmed only songs of Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, Bob Dylan and others who have written music in the pursuit of peace and harmony.

SIRS:

After reading about all the FM rock stations in San Francisco and Los Angeles, I felt I should inform you about KPRI and San Diego.

Even though to some people San Diego doesn't exist, it now has KPRI, a 24-hour FM rock station. In addition to this, a new dance hall by the name of Hippodrome. The opening night was last Friday and Saturday nights, with the Steve Miller Band. This is a first for San Diego (not including the infamous "happenings" which are decent, but incomparable with the Hippodrome). Other, less important, clubs are forming also. In addition to having one or two name bands with one local band, Hippodrome has a light and sound system rivaling any on the West Coast.

Although San Diego is slow, it's actually getting better all the time. I hope you will print this so your readers will realize that there actually are three major cities on the West Coast.

JIM STOREY
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Jazz Guitarist Wes Montgomery Dies

Wes Montgomery, the most popular and influential guitarist in contemporary jazz, died June 15 of a heart attack in his home in Indianapolis. At the time of his death he had no fewer than three albums in Billboard Magazine's jazz top ten chart: *A Day in the Life*, which was the best-selling jazz album in the country, *Down Here on the Ground*, which was the second most popular, and *The Best of Wes Montgomery*, which held fifth place.

Wes, who was 45 when he died, was one of the first generation of musicians to use amplified guitar in jazz, following the influence of the proto-bebopper Charlie Christian. He was self-

taught and started to play by reproducing every Charlie Christian solo he could hear. He developed his own solid funky soul style in relative obscurity in Indianapolis, until the Montgomery Brothers and the Mastersounds recorded with great success in 1959 and introduced him to the national jazz public.

Montgomery was noted for his confident musical taste, his thorough command of the guitar and his incredible technique. One of his stylistic trademarks was melodic lines doubled in octaves — on adjacent strings, a feat which started guitarists popping their knucklebones all over the country. His death has silenced one of the major voices in jazz.

Fillmore Sets Summer Music Bash

San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium will be holding dances six nights a week this summer, with two different three-night bills each week. Among those participating in the incredible musical bash during July will be Steppenwolf, Paul Butterfield Band, the Electric Flag, Buddy Guy, Ike and Tina Turner, Big Brother, Richie Havens, Sly and the Family Stone, Jeff Beck, Siegal-Schwall, Moby Grape, Santana Blues Band, James Cotton and the Herd from England in

its first American appearance.

Several more English groups will appear in August, among them Spooky Tooth, Rain and Grapefruit, the first group managed by the Beatles' production company Apple Corps. The famous gospel quartet the Staple Singers will also return to the Fillmore in August.

Last summer the Fillmore made its first venture into week-long programming and surprised the incredulous by making it a success. The bash is now back.

Beatles To Do Three-LP Set?

The Beatles' projects are all progressing satisfactorily, said Paul McCartney in London two weeks ago. "We have thirty songs to work with on our next album. We might record all thirty and pick fourteen for the album, or it could turn out to be two albums or even a three-album pack. The production will be either one extreme or the other—it'll either be very simple or it'll have everything in it," he remarked.

Paul said he was happy with Apple Corps, the Beatles' corporation to produce music, market fashions, make films and manufacture electronics equipment. "Like all things we do," he

said, "it started as chaos, but now it's going quite well."

And, he revealed, the Beatles are not following transcendental meditation with spiritualism. Reports appeared in the British press that the Beatles had been attending seances to contact their late manager, Brian Epstein. Paul explained: "Some time during this mad summer, George and John got a call from a medium who said that Brian was trying to contact us—that he had something to say to us."

"We didn't want to pass up any chances, so John and George went along to a seance. But they didn't believe it all. There was nothing in it."

Clapton Acquitted on Dope Charges

Eric Clapton of the Cream has been acquitted and three members of the Buffalo Springfield have been found guilty of misdemeanor charges stemming from a marijuana bust in Los Angeles.

During the course of legal events, however, the original charge of being present at a place where grass is being smoked was reduced to that of disturbing the peace.

Clapton went before Malibu Justice Court Judge John J. Meric, who found insufficient evi-

dence to try the guitarist on the alleged pot violation. The charge was reduced to disturbing the peace and the judge then found Clapton innocent of that.

Earlier, Neil Young, Jim Messina and Richie Furay, tried separately from Clapton, were convicted in the same Malibu court on the reduced charge.

The four musicians were among those arrested March 19 in Topanga Canyon, when Los Angeles County sheriff's deputies answered a "noisy party" complaint. Since then the Springfield has broken up.

L.A. Cheetah Changes Its Spots

The Cheetah, long regarded as one of southern California's leading bums (nightclub-wise), is now under new management.

Although Cheetah, Inc., will remain involved — with preservation of a "natural image" given as the reason — and the name of the huge dance hall will not be changed, actual operation of the room will be in the hands of Bob Gibson, who has served as the Cheetah's publicist in Los Angeles, and High Torr, an organization that has been staging

total environment concerts for several months in the city's Shrine Exposition Hall.

The transfer of management involved approximately \$135,000, Gibson said, and promises to make the club much more acceptable to pop music fans. Gibson said the stainless steel currently flanking the dance floor would be removed, the sound system revamped, and a 360-degree light show installed to replace the small screen now being used.



DIONNE MAKES NEW PLANS: MOVIE AND A GOSPEL ALBUM

BY SUE C. CLARK

"I recorded as a joke—to get them off my back. They were bugging me no end. As a result I had a hit—so there was nothing to do but sing!" said Dionne Warwick, smiling, making success sound like the easiest thing in the world.

The people who were "bugging" Dionne are her writers/producers Burt Bacharach and Hal David, who discovered Dionne six years ago, singing on demonstration records and in background groups.

"I was in college, home on vacation semester breaks, and I did quite a bit of background work. I was the spokesman for the group on the session with the Drifters (which included "Mexican Divorce" and "Sweets For My Sweets") that Burt had written and was producing. There are two producers involved here: there's Burt Bacharach and Hal David and both are my writers."

Dionne Warwick will begin a new phase of her career, acting, in a film called "The Slave," scheduled to be filmed in Tallahassee, Fla., during a six-week period in July and August. Dionne will portray a slave-mistress of a rich plantation owner. Because of her extremely heavy personal appearance schedule, she has had to squeeze her participation in the filming into an already full itinerary. She's looking forward to it, although she hasn't had a chance to study any acting.

"I don't know if it's to my advantage or disadvantage, but they don't seem to want me to. And, I'm very excited about it. I'm kind of, you know, a little shaky because I've never done anything like this before. But it sounds, and it's gonna be, I hope, very interesting."

Dionne has also managed to find time to produce other artists on record. She has already produced one record by the Gentlemen Four called "You Can't Keep A Good Man Down," which will be released on either the Scepter or Wand label. She is also recording a brother and sister duo from Winnipeg, Canada, which she hopes to release sometime this summer or early fall.

Dionne's musical background is gospel music ("At the beginning of my career the only music I listened to was gospel. That was my first love.") Many people are confused and think that she was a part of the famous Drinkard Singers. "The Drinkard Singers consisted of my mother, her sisters and brothers who are my aunts and uncles. I never belonged to the Drinkard Singers. The only time I ever sang with them was dur-

ing an occasion, like, when my aunt was sick and I'd fill in for her. I had my own gospel group known as the Gospelaires. We basically traveled in the Philadelphia/New Jersey area. We never went too far away from home."

She will be releasing a gospel album around Christmas, on which she is accompanied by the Drinkard Singers and studio musicians who normally play for gospel recordings. When asked who arranged the album, she replied:

"Wow! You don't arrange gospel music, it just happens!"

The quartet that accompanies Dionne has been with her for varying periods of time. "My guitarist, Lee Valentine, has been with me since I started six years ago. My bassist, Peter Warren, is two years old now. My drummer, Ray Lucas, is about seven months, and my piano player, John Myer, is about a year and a half."

Dionne has a great admirer in Miss Marlene Dietrich, whom Dionne also admires. "She has been very helpful to me in foreign countries. On my first trip abroad, in fact, she was like mother away from home. She's just a groovy lady."

"No, I can't say that she's completely responsible for my stage presentation. I've made it a habit of seeing quite a few entertainers perform. It's basically a lesson in seeing what to do and what not to do, you know. Especially for a young performer like myself. It's helped me tremendously, watching her along with many others. I've found that as long as you're yourself, people seem to enjoy you much more than when you're trying to be somebody else, because you never can be anybody else."

All Bacharach and David songs written especially for her are given to Dionne. Sometimes other artists such as Dusty Springfield and Jackie DeShannon have had hits subsequently recording the same songs:

"Dusty Springfield did a song called 'Wishin' and Hopin' which was the 'B' side of 'Empty Place,' my second recording ever, and she was fortunate enough to have a hit record with it. I can't hold that against her. But I recorded it first, so there's nothing to do with me. 'What the World Needs Now Is Love' I did the original demo on. It was basically written for a boy and I didn't like it, and it was given to Jackie DeShannon to record because Bacharach/David had an obligation to Liberty Records at the time to record one of their artists at least

—Continued on Page 22

The Versatility of BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

"Buffy Sainte-Marie was superb... Her voice has an animal power no other contemporary female folk singer comes close to." *Ramparts, San Francisco*

"Buffy Sainte-Marie is clearly destined to be not only a national, but an international phenomenon." *Irving Kolodin*

"An artist of varied and vastly impressive achievements." *New York Times*

"She can purr, she can belt, she can shade her voice with an eerie tremble that crawls up the listener's spine." *Time Magazine*



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IT'S MY WAY
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VANGUARD 
RECORDINGS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

'Just Be Faster Than the Cops'

Swiss police hassled and clobbered audience and artists alike at a two-concert rock and roll series in Zurich last month, in a manner that evidenced utter paranoia. The line-up of British groups—Jimi Hendrix, Eric Burdon and the Animals, Traffic, Move, the Koozies and John Mayall—may be entertainment to some, but the Swiss Polizei found them too sexual, too political, and just too unnerving.

The police response to overt signs of fervor—or just any movement in the direction of the stage—in the audience of 18,000 was fist and billyclub. The police linked arms and marched through the stadium, smashing heads as they went. The audience responded by destroying all the chairs in the course of their retreat.

'Jools' Is England's Answer to 'Janis'

Julie Driscoll, the British blues singer who made the first recording of "This Wheel's On Fire" from the "underground" Bob Dylan tape (ROLLING STONE, June 22), has been deluged with film offers since the record's smash success in England. Julie, familiarly known as "Jools," and her musical partner Brian Auger are about to hit the American market as well.

The twenty-one year old singer has been likened to San Francisco's Janis Joplin for several reasons: she is deeply into blues, although her style is sweeter and more ballad-like than Janis', and she has become a pop female figure in the non-musical world

Perhaps the Stormtrooper footage in the lightshow that accompanies Eric Burdon's anti-war "Sky Pilot" annoyed them. Whatever the reason, the musicians were harassed steadily, subjected to searches at all hours for "illegal substances," had jams broken up, were questioned about their passports, and women were thrown out of their rooms (even businesswomen from record companies).

The redoubtable Mr. Burdon had delivered himself of the opinion the week before that although he was against war, "I'm tired of telling people not to fight. If they want to fight, let 'em. The French have got it together. If they don't like the government, they just go out in the streets and change it. Just be faster than the cops."

in the same way, being photographed for fashion magazines. No fewer than thirteen film offers followed the release of "This Wheel," of which her agents are seriously considering three—one American, one Italian, and one British.

"This Wheel" is scheduled for American release in June, along with the Driscoll-Auger team's album *Open* on the Atlantic label. In addition, the pair are recording two other albums for American release separately, both with their group, the Trinity. Brian's LP will feature mainly jazz compositions, while Julie's will be blues and will be augmented with strings and other session musicians.

Stones Do Film With Godard

The Rolling Stones have begun on their first feature film, *One By One*, with Jean-Luc Godard. It is also a first for the celebrated French director, whose works include *Breathless*, *Masculine-Feminine* and *La Chinoise*—it will be his first English-language film.

The picture embodies parallel themes of construction and destruction, represented by a London studio where the Stones are involved in a recording session and by a love triangle which ends in suicide, respectively. The

Stones' performance provides a "musical embroidery" to the plot.

Godard is employing new experimental camera techniques and lighting effects in his direction. The picture is being produced by Cupid Productions, a new company formed by the Honorable Michael Pearson and actor Iain Quarrier.

Commented Mick Jagger: "We are very excited about this. We have been great admirers of Godard's work for a long time, and have a great respect for him."

Beatle George Visits Los Angeles

Beatle George Harrison flew to Los Angeles recently (June 13) to help his old pal and sitar instructor, Ravi Shankar, promote a week of concerts, and to appear with the master in a film.

A press conference held in Shankar's Kinnara School of Indian Music was, essentially, a summer re-run of a similar meeting held 10 months earlier, when Harrison visited L.A. to publicize a Shankar concert at the Hollywood Bowl.

As expected, the Los Angeles press corps responded to the press conference call with the plumb of elephants picking buttermilk. And, as always, Harrison and Shankar remained patient and compassionate.

Example of the questions asked: "The Beatles are known as social critics. What do you think about Senator Kennedy's death?"

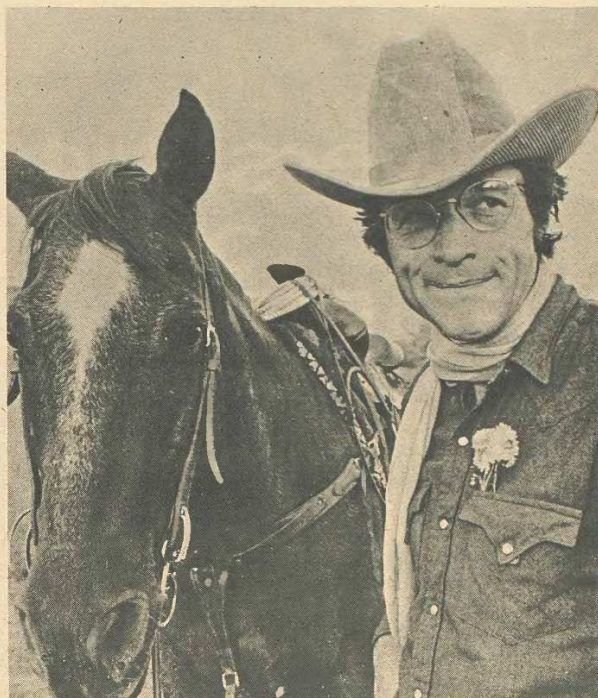
Harrison's answer: "It's quite shocking, that's all. It's shocking for anybody to shoot anyone. Some shootings just get more publicity than others. There's no

interest in people who aren't senators, yet they do get killed, you know. It's silly for people to have guns. If they're going to have guns, they're going to use them, aren't they? If people get busted [he pronounced it "boooosted"] for anything today, they should get busted for guns I think."

Harrison also made it clear that although the Beatles no longer support the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, they are continuing with their own meditation programs. "It was just the organization we objected to," he said.

The film Harrison appeared in is *Messenger Out of the East*, a feature about Indian music now in preparation. Most of the film, which will center around Shankar, is being shot on location in India. Harrison was shown receiving a lesson from Shankar.

The week-long series of concerts runs June 24-30 at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles and features, besides Shankar, Ali Akbar Khan on sarod and dancer Morani.



HENRY DILTZ

A FRIENDLY TRIBUTE FOR RAMBLIN' CHARLES ADNOPOZ

BY BARRY GIFFORD

A few years ago a friend of mine and I drove from Missouri to New York in an old beatup Ford. Once we got to Manhattan we headed for 4th Street, to Gerde's Folk City to try and get a job singing and playing what we thought was "honest country-folk music." But it turned out that there were more than enough folk singers around just then and most of them were out of work, playing at Gerde's only on Hoot Night, Monday, for nothing.

We set up on the street and started singing "Salty Dog" (our best number, we always played it first) and pretty soon attracted a fair sized crowd. After a couple more tunes the people began to wander away until we were the only ones left, so we packed up and went off to see what was going on down the street that was more interesting than us.

About two blocks away here's this big crowd circled around a thin, young guy in a corduroy cap and he's singing in this really strange Okie-type voice (much more authentic sounding than our strange Okie-type voices) some songs I'd never heard before. After he finished and the crowd began to break up, I heard someone say: "He sounds like a poor man's Jack Elliott."

The "poor man's Jack Elliott" was Bob Dylan.

Now I hadn't heard of Jack Elliott but that guy who'd taken the people away from us sounded pretty good to me, so I figured I'd better find out who this Elliott fella was. I asked around the Village about him but only a couple of people had actually heard him play. I was told that he was some cowboy-singer who'd hung out with Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston; and that many of the local young folk guitarists were imitating his picking styles. Nobody had a record of his and he didn't seem to be around the city.

So I left New York and went back to the Midwest still wondering about this enigmatic Elliott character, whose name now bore a charismatic quality due to the association with Messrs. Guthrie, Houston and the fledgling street-singer, Bob Dylan.

It wasn't until 1964 that I came upon a record of his in a Kansas City music store. I bought it and ran to a friend's house where I was staying and threw it on the turntable. It was better than I'd ever imagined. Here was this cracked-voice old cowboy-farmhand who sounded about

fifty years old wailing the great Carter Family song "Can The Circle Be Unbroken" in the wildest, most abandoned, carefree style, having the greatest time of his life. And every tune was just as good as the last. "Diamond Joe," "Sowing On The Mountain" and "Roll On Buddy" (with a kid named John Hammond on mouth harp) were fantastic. This guy Elliott was the real thing—a folksinger's folksinger. And his guitar work on "Black Snake Moan" was tremendous. I immediately saw where Dylan (whom I'd heard by then on his first album) had taken his finger-picking techniques from.

I went around to all my musician friends and played this record for them until one day somebody borrowed it from me and I never saw it again. But not long after the album's disappearance, Jack Elliott himself came into town (Columbia, Missouri).

He arrived two hours late and began by telling the story of how the one-engineered Ozark Airlines plane he flew in on descended from its flying altitude of 50 feet above ground to the snow-covered haystack that was the runway and how he knew it was the end for him but how glad he was he'd got his hardshell case for grand old precious guitar that he'd slept with all these years (as Shel Silverstein acknowledges on the liner notes to Jack's first album) and was so fond of so that it mightn't get broke if somethin' like this were to happen and then sang four or five songs, fixed his Sherlock Holmes hat more firmly on his head, and made it out the door.

But I finally got to meet Jack personally a short time ago on a ranch he was staying at in Southern California. He's grown a beard and had just finished a week's gig at the Ash Grove in L.A. preparatory to leaving for the Newport Folk Festival.

He still had these gleaming, ten-year-old-kid's eyes that lit up like a brushfire when he talked about his horse, Brigham, whom he'd bought just a few months before in New Mexico, and how he was practicing ropin', and later he even put on a one-man rodeo for me.

He'd overcome the great handicap of being born in Brooklyn, with the most un-cowboy-like name of Elliott Charles Adnopo, by having run away at 15 to join the rodeo in Chicago. He later changed his name to Buck Elliott, still later and finally to Jack

—Continued on Page 22

Hi, thought I'd drop you a line
 from the beautiful people Coast
 where I'm filming the family scene
 (the most)
 stopping behind the Pendleton barracks
 to get high
 (tonight American pigs you die!)

I left my mind in San Francisco
 I left my life in L.A.
 thought I'd drop you a line
 a Chevrolet from the
 to say

The N.E.F. is nibbling
 they're not afraid they're not alone
 (you are afraid you are alone)
 Can't be the War of Liberation
 has finally come home? Farewells & Furtives, Folks
 P. O. Ochs



Tape from California
 Phil Ochs



TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA/A NEW ALBUM BY PHIL OCHS/A&M SP 4148

John J. Rock

Gentle reader, last week I worked away at my column as hard as hard could be and just did a simply super job. And then when I saw the paper roll off the presses, there I was all alone. Ralph Gleason didn't have a column; Jann Wenner hadn't written anything for that issue and even Tom Albright didn't have a Visuals article in. So I am taking a vacation this issue and will return next week. Meanwhile, that nice man Arthur Hoppe has kindly consented to do a "guest" column for me. It's a fine piece of writing which he originally did for the San Francisco Chronicle. So here is his column; it's called "Sir Walter Raleigh's Historic Mistake."

—John J. Rock

BY ARTHUR HOPPE

Many attempts have been made to rewrite history. The best, undoubtedly, is that well-known work, "A Better History of the World." An excerpt follows.

It was in 1585 while on an expedition to Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh got drunk, took a wrong turn and missed keeping an appointment with the Tabac Indian chief. Instead, he found himself in the happy village of the Merriwanna Tribe.

Not knowing one Indian from another, Sir Walter innocently accepted a peace pipe, politely took half a dozen deep drags and pronounced these historic words:

"Man, this is the real stuff!"

The introduction of merriwanna, as it became known, into the civilized world changed the entire course of history. In fact, nothing of historical interest happened for the next 300 years.

An illustration of this dearth was the Thirty Seconds War. The conflict lasted as long as it took for the two armies to line up and view each other's glittering array of finely honed halberds and swords. At that moment a private in the rear ranks cried, "Hey, you cats, let's cool it." And everybody went home.

For the trouble with merriwanna was that instead of instilling courage, like alcohol, it instilled euphoria. Nor did it produce fits of depression or morning-after retribution.

Thus it quickly replaced alcohol as a means of escape. And while some abused it, as they had alcohol, most were content to go about their daily lives and relax with a couple of pipesful in the evening.

The cumulative effect was to soothe the frayed nerves of society. And it was most difficult to drum up much enthusiasm for marching off to kill somebody.

So nothing much happened historically until 1912 when an enterprising agricultural scientist rediscovered the tabac weed.

He found that "tabacco" as he named it, produced a much bigger, broader leaf than merriwanna and could thus be dried, shredded and rolled into cigarettes far more economically. "I'll make a million," he said rubbing his hands.

Unfortunately, he was quickly hauled up before the Pure Food & Drug Administration, which demanded to know what this tabacco did for you.

"Well, first of all," said the scientist proudly, "it gives you lung cancer."

He was branded a dangerous charlatan and a rational Government immediately made the sale, transportation or possession of tabacco a felony.

While tabacco is still smoked clandestinely by jazz musicians, hippies and thrill-seeking youth, every study shows that its illegal use can lead to experiments with heroin, LSD, speed and other equally dangerous drugs.

Indeed, one of the gravest worries of most fathers today is that their children will somehow get hooked on tabacco and end up emphysema-ridden, nicotine-stained addicts—slaves to a 30-joint-a-day habit.

Probably all that saves a father's sanity when he envisions such a fate for his offspring is to light up a soothing, euphoric pipeful of merriwanna.

"If these kids today have to smoke," he'll say, shaking his head, "why can't they smoke something that's good for them?"

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ROCK MUSICALS: THE HIPPIES ARE FROM TIME MAGAZINE

TOM PHILLIPS

The New York musical theatre, which has been justly fabled for its resistance to any kind of change, has given in this last season and joined the rock and roll movement. At least that's what the admen, the critics and the theatre-goers are saying. Two of the biggest hits in town are *Hair* and *Your Own Thing*, both of which are billed as "rock musicals."

Actually, *Hair* is subtitled "An American Tribal Love-Rock Musical," and as this suggests, it's supposed to be a general examination of the American youth phenomenon. The company consists of about 50 young actors and actresses in hippie garb, vintage early 1967. They dance and sing, perform gag routines, spill over into the aisles and run around on scaffolds above the audience. In the process, they enthusiastically promote every real or imagined vice that's ever been associated with hippies, everything from pot to sodomy, with a special fixation on interracial and group copulation. There's also the famed "nude scene," in which several people briefly stand naked under a murky light-show, and a story of sorts.

One of the two lead hippies is being threatened by the draft; after a lot of joking around in the first half of the show, he has a psychedelic vision of a computerized, war-oriented society, "freaks out," forgets his own name, gives in to the establishment and winds up in uniform, dead.

If this last sequence sounds strange and implausible to you, it looked that way to me too. As for the rest of it, there are some good things—a hilarious travesty on the Supremes, with the three girls all inside one pink sequined skirt; and several bits by a girl named Shelley Plimpton, who looks and whines like a real Brooklyn flower child.

The big problem, though, is that the rest of the hippies in *Hair* bear

only the most superficial resemblance to any people or group of people in America today or anytime. In fact, they are a very carefully packaged fantasy. They look like the hippies we read about in *Time* magazine, and they do, or claim to do, all the dirty things that *Time* magazine hints such people do.

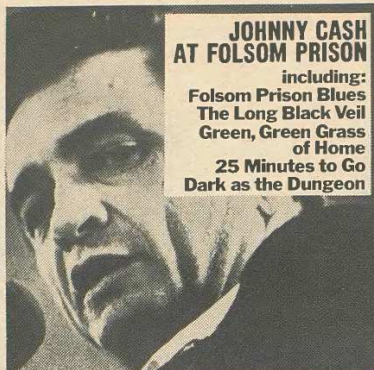
But at the same time, there's not an ounce of hostility or distrust in them. "We love you," they cry to the assorted tourists, burghers, innocents and fags who made up most of the audience at the matinee I went to. They are so young and fresh, so back-slapping and wisecracking and yes, wholesome, that the little old lady from Dubuque can do naught but clutch them to her sagging breast. *Hair* has an unbeatable combination of ingredients, guaranteed to shock and reassure her at the same time.

As for the music, it's basically show-tunes and show lyrics, superimposed on reasonably authentic but rudimentary rock backgrounds. The same is pretty much true of the score for *Your Own Thing*, which otherwise is a much more conservative production.

The book for *Your Own Thing* is a gloss on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and most of the gags are milked out of the homosexual implications of the identity switch between the boy-and-girl twins. About its only claim to contemporaneity is the fact that the central characters include a rock and roll group called "The Apocalypse." These boys are somewhere in the range of the Doodletown Pipers, spouting happy wisecracks and hippy truisms (I'm not afraid to give /I'm not afraid to live) and continually breaking into dances of gay abandon, including, at one point, the twist.

At another point, the hero assures us that he's only in this rock and roll business so he can "stash away enough bread to become a geologist." I just say, good luck.

Some people may buy it just to hear the audience.



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including:
Folsom Prison Blues
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of Home
25 Minutes to Go
Dark as the Dungeon

CS 9639*

The audience is convicts. They can't leave when the show's over. Some of them know what it means when the song talks about killing a man. The atmosphere is electric. Really electric. When you listen close, you hear clanging doors, whistles, shouts. Responses that aren't the same as yours. Because they're not walking around like you are.

You'll probably never know what it's really like. Johnny Cash does. He's been inside prisons before. Not always on a visit. This time he went back to record an album of his original songs—mostly prison songs—in front of the inmates of Folsom Prison, California. No one knew exactly what would happen. But the mikes were there, and it happened.

Listen to this album and try to get some feeling of what was happening. And know that this is probably as close as you'll ever get to being inside.

*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridge.



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PERSPECTIVES: SAN FRANCISCO AND THE STARS

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

History will show, I believe, that the San Francisco dance renaissance played a key role in the evolution of teen age schlock-rock into music, as well as a key role in the social-cultural and political revolution in which we are involved.

The sheer existence of Bob Dylan, the Beatles and, to a lesser extent, the Rolling Stones opened the way for the logical expression of the forces that were frustrated, denied and also generated by the rock concert syndrome of the Cow Palace shows (i.e. the big, stage-show presentation of rock from Alan Freed to Murray the K to Tom Donahue).

The Byrds' gigs at Ciro's in Hollywood opened the last gate and it was obvious that dancing was a necessary thing. It was at this point that the San Francisco dance scene came into existence, created by necessity and provoked by the imagination of a group called the Family Dog (of which, at that time, Chet Helms was not a member). The Family Dog put on the first adult rock dances in San Francisco at the Longshoremen's Hall in October, 1965, with the Lovin' Spoonful, Jefferson Airplane, the Charlatans, the Warlocks (now the Grateful Dead), the Great Society and others.

This was before the first rock dances at the Fillmore and before the Trips Festival. At that time, Bill Graham was manager of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and the Mime Troupe was in its customary financial panic. They ran a benefit at their loft to which some of the rock bands came and played. This was in October, 1965, also. A second benefit in December for the Mime Troupe was staged at the Fillmore Auditorium, which for decades had been the scene of dances for the black community run by Charles Sullivan and presenting everyone from Count Basie to Ray Charles.

After the Trips Festival in January 1966, Graham took over the Fillmore, first alternating weekends with the Family Dog. Luria Castel and Ellen Harmon, the originals and the visionaries who saw what was needed had left the Dog and it then consisted of Chet Helms and John Carpenter. There had been a couple of other transitory Dog personnels involving, among others, Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin, now managers of the Grateful Dead.

Their instant success spun off into a myriad of benefits at every available place in the Bay Area. An incredible number of dances for fund raising purposes, for profit and for fun took place. It has been an unbelievable three years. The response to the dances was ecstatic. The floors leaped and tumbled and swirled with the dancers and the involvement of light shows as an adjunct was spectacular.

Other cities began to turn the same way, with varying degrees of success depending on local conditions. The poster business became a heavy profit-making arm of the dance halls and the whole scene contributed to the emergence of innumerable groups, record label activity and other attempts to skim off some of the available bread.

At times there were probably as many recording executives in turtle neck sweaters and jeans scouting talent as there were dealers. In fact, one record company officer went around with a stash of hash in his pocket for months, signing up bands.

It ought to be said, it seems to me, no matter what any individual may feel pro or con about either the way the Fillmore Ballroom has been operated or the man who operates it, that during the past two years the Fillmore and Bill Graham have brought an incredible list of great and important music and performers to San Francisco. Its presentations have been, in effect, a crash course in American popular music without which San Francisco and (to the heavy extent that San Francisco has set the pace for the rest of the country) the U.S. would have been a great deal poorer culturally.

Now a struggle is going on between those who want to dance and those who want to listen. It repeats again the situation of the Forties in which the swing era dancers (the jitterbugs) became listeners, first crowding around the bandstand and then sitting on the floor and then demanding chairs. The Benny Goodman band was astonished when it first played the West Coast that the people pushed up to the lip of the stage to hear the trumpet player (Bunny Berigan). Eventually, of course, dances ceased almost altogether and the stage show-concerts took over.

The star system syndrome (and I'm not knocking it because I want to see these people too) has driven the dancers to the smaller ballrooms where the less high-power names are playing, or kept them home where they listen or dance under circumstances of their own choosing.

The stiffness of the concert hall is a drag and the booze of the night clubs is a bigger drag and so the informality and the flexibility of the dance halls has been delightful. The problem is two-fold at the moment—the press of the crowd and the floor covered with people sitting and lying down.

The dancehalls which survived the dance craze of the Thirties and Forties (New York's Roseland and a few others) were really relics like the pyramids. They solved the problem by making it mandatory that dancers keep moving and not congregate in front of the bandstand. I don't dig that much, either.

At some point in the near future, somebody will build a structure to house these shows which is designed for the new purposes. I don't know what it will look like but it will obviously need to provide space for seeing and dancing, ease of movement and places to sit from time to time.

Meanwhile, the ways in which the changing audience feeds back and changes the bands is interesting to observe. That alone reconfirms the star system. Individual applause breeds stars and breaks up bands. How long will Janis Joplin be part of Big Brother and when will it become Janis Joplin and Big Brother, as it has become Martha Reeves AND the Vandellas and Diana Ross AND The Supremes?

THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW:

FRANK ZAPPA

As little as he may look like the straight world's concept of "musician of the year," and as freaky an image as he and the Mothers of Invention may have, Frank Zappa has done much to influence and guide pop music throughout the world.

Besides introducing a sense of musical anarchy long before it was popular (and now being copied by other bands), Zappa was also among the first to produce a rock album as if it were a single piece of music. ("Freak Out" was no "Sgt. Pepper," but it definitely was an inspiration to the Beatles, among others.) Utilizing what he calls "visual aids" and creating a vast complex of musical style and technique (based on everyone from the Penguins to Edgar Varese), Zappa has a firm idea about where pop music is at—however pretentious that appraisal may sound. He also has notions about where our ailing society is at; his satiric lyrics are unparalleled.

Zappa quickly discounts anyone who calls him genius, but it must go unchallenged that he and his ideas are important not only for pop music but for all music, not only for the rock world but for all the world. It is as Spencer Dryden, drummer for the Jefferson Airplane, says: "If we have to have a spokesman for what is going on today, musically and every other way, Frank Zappa gets my vote."

Shortly after Zappa returned to Los Angeles after 18 months in New York, I talked with him about his ideas and plans, and the history of his group. The interview was conducted in the huge living room of the \$700-a-month log cabin (really) he is renting in Laurel Canyon, a home reportedly once inhabited by either silent screen sweetheart Bessie Love, or Tom Mix. Although the interruptions are not indicated, the talk bounced along for the better part of a week, between the group's out-of-town gigs and over the sound of the rehearsing Laurel Canyon Ballet Company, a band of uninhibited dancers Zappa has used in concert recently. The photographs were taken in Zappa's back yard.

—JERRY HOPKINS

Whatever it is you do, do you feel you are getting across? Are the people accepting it, understanding it?

We were pretty excited about the reception we got in Salt Lake City last week. For the first time the middle-class audience seemed to have got the idea of what we were doing. They heard it for what it was and they seemed to make a decision of whether or not they liked it—not just "Oh boy, they're freaky!" They seemed to be able to differentiate between the different musical qualities. I think it is a matter of exposure more than anything else. When we started we were the only ones doing it. People could say it was weird. Then gradually some of the other groups started picking up some of the things that we do. The innovations were absorbed by the more popular groups. So when the kids would hear the records on the radio by the good clean wholesome groups, it stretched their ears out a bit.

What were, or are, some of these things?

Some of the electronic effects in combination with musical lines. All the noise elements. Time signature changes. Rhythm changes. You sure can't dance to it, so now they're listening. In the old days it wasn't like that. At that time the audiences were hostile to what we did. They gave us a bad time. Now, historically, musicians have felt real hurt if the audience expressed displeasure with their performance. They apologized and tried to make the people love them. We didn't do that. We told the audience to get fucked.

Without any significant air play, you've sold a surprising number of records.

There is no way of telling how many records we've sold. The accounting we receive from MGM is so bullshit it's not to be believed. Sales are estimated from 300,000 to 800,000. A suit has been filed and we are auditing their books.

Is this to say you are no longer with MGM?

I think I would rather not record than go back with MGM.

What's the story behind "Lumpy Gravy"? It was written and produced

for Capitol, but came out on MGM.

It was a really weird deal. At the time they asked me to do it, I had never been asked by MGM or anybody else to do any serious music, any possible variation from the ordinary rock and roll format. Capitol came along and asked me to write something for an orchestra. My contract with MGM was as a producer and not as an artist, so it was cool. But then MGM threatened to sue Capitol and Capitol threatened them. Then they both figured they needed each other; MGM had a record deal with the Capitol Record Club. It all settled down to a regular American business deal: Buy it from Capitol and put it out on MGM. By now I was really pissed with MGM anyway.

Example. They sent me a test pressing of "We're Only In It for the Money" that had a whole bunch of stuff censored out of it. This is one line they cut: "And I still remember mama with her apron and her pad, feeding all the boys at Ed's cafe." Now, this not only didn't make any sense to cut, it fucked up the piece of music by removing four bars before the bridge. And they changed the equalization. They removed the highs, boosted the bottom and the middle to obscure the words. So they sent me this test pressing and I'm supposed to sign a paper saying they can release it. I called them up and said, "You can't put this record out!" And they've already pressed 40,000 of them. Then, six or eight weeks later, I got a call about "Lumpy Gravy." They had just pressed 12,000 of them and they had already been shipped, and I hadn't hadn't even been sent a release to sign.

How do you look back on the albums you've made?

It's all one album.

All the material in the albums is organically related and if I had all the master tapes and I could take a razor blade and cut them apart and put it together again in a different order it still would make one piece of music you can listen to. Then I could take that razor blade and cut it apart and reassemble it a different way, and it still would make sense. I could do this twenty ways. The material is definitely related.

Any parts of this large album you like particularly?

"Pigs and Ponies" on Lumpy Gravy, "Idiot Bastard Son" on Money, "Brown Shoes Don't Make It" on Absolutely Free, "Brain Police" and "It Can't Happen Here" on Freak Out.

Why those particular songs?

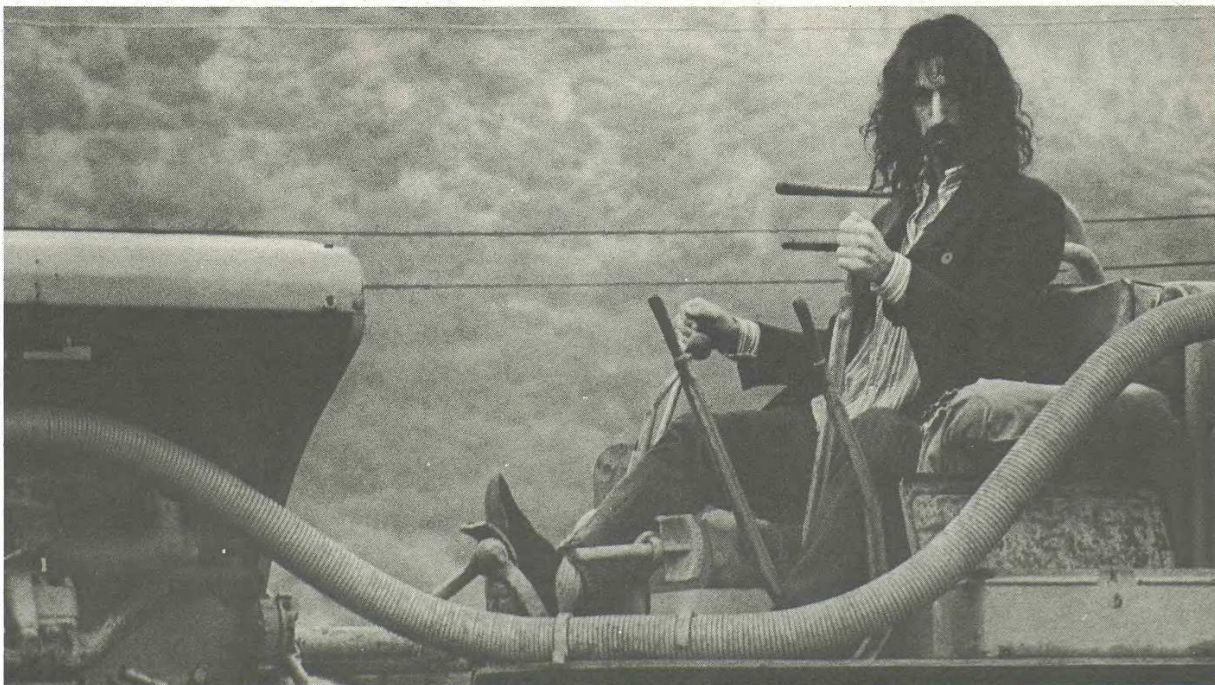
"Pigs and Ponies" really says what I wanted it to say and the performance is as good as I could have hoped for. It is 100% of what I'd intended. I tend to judge our songs on a percentage basis. "Idiot Bastard Son" . . . I like what it says. I'm not too thrilled by the performance, but I like the structure, especially the talking part in the middle and the way that relates to the chord changes. "Brown Shoes" is about the same: I like what it says, but I'm not too pleased with the performance. "Brain Police" is probably the most poorly performed in this list, but at the same time it is one of the most important songs. "It Can't Happen Here" rates 80% and is to my knowledge unique in structure in rock and roll.

You've taken over the merchandising of your albums. Isn't this rather unique?

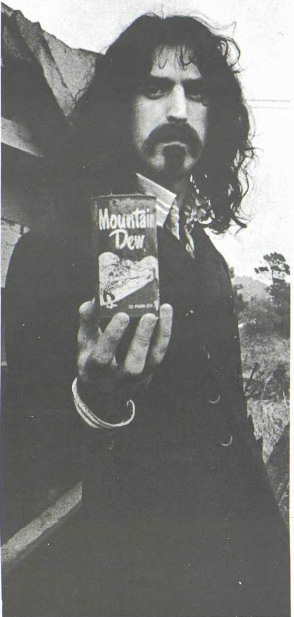
I think it is self defense rather than unique. We wouldn't have sold any records if we had left it up to the company. They figured we were odd-ball. One shot novelty a-go-go. But we weren't. We had to show them ways that they could make money on the product. From the beginning it was hard to convince them of what we were talking about. We had to make them understand. First of all, I wanted to take the advertising account. Later they gave me most of it to do.

Another thing . . . the interior of the Freak Out album made me vomit. The exterior packaging was pretty much under our control. That was all very carefully planned merchandising there. At the time the packaging was being completed on that record I was in Hawaii. I didn't give it to an expert. The result was a really ugly piece of graphic art. Some of the worst reproduction work I have ever seen. Some of the pictures that were produced — the picture in the

—Continued on Next Page



BARON WOLMAN



—Continued from Preceding Page
lower right hand corner? — it is a great panorama of all those people. They strafe it down and strafe it in the corner. I screamed all over the place.

When you took over the adoring, what did you do?
MGM had no idea of merchandising in the underground press, and in certain periodicals that might tend to be left-wing, hippie oriented, anything that didn't look like establishment media. We went after a particular audience — appealing to the curiosity of people who had some curiosity about things. It helped to do the job and helped reach just those people in the community that would get the product, hear it, and perhaps understand it more than if it had been merchandised to an audience that would have rejected it. Word of mouth is what sold the product. We didn't go after the teeny-bopper audience. We wanted those who would dig it and turn other people on to it.

Are you recording at all now?
We have two albums in the can. We've been working on this for the past five months. We bought a huge block of time in a studio in New York with our own teenage money, secretly knowing all along MGM would bite the dust... because good guys always win. Two albums. One is "Whatever Happened to Ruben and the Jets?" a secret project. The other is "No Commercial Potential," a three-record set. Six sides. It has such eight-minute tidbits as police busting our recording session. New York cops! Level! In person! You can't dance to it. It also has a piece where Jimmy Carl Black, the Indian in the group, is bitching because we are not making any money and it's taking too long for the band to make it. Two songs about El Monte Legion Stadium. A song about fake IDs. Another song about "The Air Escapist" from "Your Mouth." Two other surrealistic things: "Mr. Green Genes" and "Electric Aunt Jennifer." Lots of instrumentals. On one song we used 40 tracks and the tune lasts 90 seconds. That one took us four days to put together. I'll probably be released in the fall.

I've read you're a self-taught musician. How did you get started?
I wanted to play drums, so I got some sticks and started beating the shit out of the furniture to the ex-

FRANK ZAPPA

tent that my parents gave up and got me a snare drum. I hadn't heard any R&B then and was basically interested in orchestral music. Then I heard some R&B and wanted to be in a R&B band. I tried to get some money to get a band together. At that time the guitar wasn't the solo instrument. It was the saxophone. Then I started hearing a few guitars. I wanted them to do it this way and to play it that way, but they didn't do it. I stopped playing the drums and I got a guitar when I was 18. It cost \$150 at an auction. It was one of those old arch top F-hole jobs. The strings were so high I couldn't play chords on it, so I started playing lines right away. I didn't learn to play chords until after about a year. In four weeks I was playing ability teenage leads. When I was 21 or 22 I got an electric guitar, but I found I couldn't play it and I had to start all over again.

When did you get your first band together?

When I was in high school before starting on the guitar. It was a group called the Blackouts... in Antelope Valley High School. It was a funny small town — Lancaster. They had had a bad experience about 1964, prior to the time I moved into the valley. Joe Houston and Marvin & Johnny and some others came in and did a R&B show. This was the first time any people in that part of the world had ever seen R&B. And of course with the groups came the dope peddlers and the town was really scared.

In those days the police were afraid of teenagers. It was a bad scene. Gang fights and all that. Then I came to town. I had been working with an R&B group in San Diego. I got a band together and we stayed together long enough to learn ten songs. There was a Negro settlement outside of town called Sun Village and it was those people who supported the group. We had these huge Negro dances and this upset the people in the town. The police arrested me for vagrancy the night before one show and I was in jail overnight. My parents bailed me out. The band stayed together until everybody

got to hate each other's guts. After that I left the group and it turned into the Mothers, some of whom are now in the Mothers and some are with Captain Beefheart. Don Vlied (Captain Beefheart) was in the band. Then and I used to get together after school and would listen to records for three or four hours. We'd start off at my house, and then we'd get something to eat and ride around in his old Oldsmobile looking for pussy — in Lancaster! Then we'd go to his house and raid his old man's bread truck and we would sit and eat pineapple buns and listen to these records until five in the morning and maybe not go to school the next day. It was the only thing that seemed to matter at the time. We listened to those records so often we could sing the guitar leads. We'd quit each other about how many records does this guy have out, what was his last record, who wrote it, what is the record number.

You've reported to have one of the best R&B record collections in the world. True?

It's sizeable. It's all over there in the closet. Wanna see it? Some of the earlier stuff goes back to the late '40s. There are a lot of collections that are larger. My collection is all the records that I liked. My collection is songs that make me feel nostalgic about high school.

Is a theme, high school seems important to you...

I feel a lot of people don't know what high school is—including those who are in it. My material is provided to give them some perspective. People are stupid. They never stop to question things. They just accept. Can you imagine a nation who never questions the validity of cheerleaders and pom-poms? At Lancaster, the cheerleaders had such an importance, books books wasn't enough for them; they were running what you call the student government, too. They were just pigs. It was too American for me.

How do you think young people today differ from young people, say, ten years ago?
They certainly do have it easy, don't they? In those days you had

to punch it out with your father for the car. Today, you ask your father for the car and he says, which one? In the old days you'd drag your old man out on the lawn and kick the shit out of each other and he'd say be home by midnight — and you'd be home by midnight. Today, parents don't dare tell you what time to get in. They're frightened you won't come back. You'll take acid, you'll join a rock and roll group. It's not like running away from home used to be in the old days. You know today there are going to be some people a little older than you who will take care of you.

In those days, it was dangerous to leave home. There was no underground scene. There were just bunches of older people, who were maybe nauder than your folks.

At what point were the Mothers formed?

Jimmy Carl Black was hooking some cymbals he could eat, and he ran into Roy (Estrada) at the same hack shop. They started talking and formed a group called the Soul Giants. Ray (Collins) joined them and they were appearing at a club called the Broadside in Pomona. Ray had a disagreement with the guitar player with the group and when they soon found themselves without a guitar player, they called me, asked me to substitute. I thought it was a shitty little group and I proposed a business deal whereby we'd form a group and make some money, maybe even a little music... but initially it was a financial arrangement.

When you're scuffling in bars for zero to seven dollars per night per man, you think about money first. There's always the hope held out that if you stick together long enough you'll make money and you'll get a record contract. It all sounded like science fiction then, because this was during the so-called British invasion and if you didn't sound like the Beatles or the Stones, you didn't get hired. We weren't going about it that way. We'd play something weird and we'd get hired. I'd say hang on and we'd move to another dogo bar — the Red Flame in Pomona, the Shack in Fontana, the Tom Cat in Torrance.

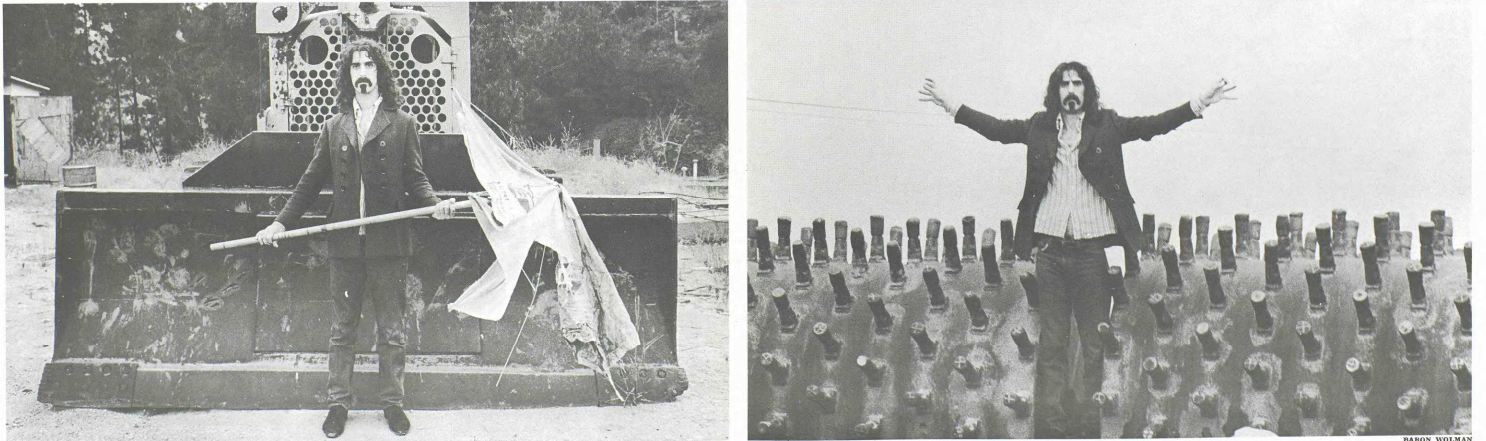
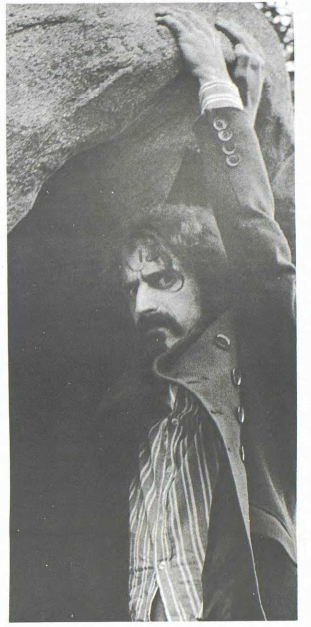
Sometime before this I'd had a group called the Mothers, but while all this was going on we were called Captain Glaspack and His Magic Mufflers. It was a strange time. We even got thrown out of after-hours jam sessions. Eventually we went back to the Broadside in Pomona and we called ourselves the Mothers. It just happened, by sheer accident, to be Mother's Day, although we weren't aware of it at the time. When you are nearly starving to death, you don't keep track of holidays.

How long did you play the go-go bars?

Too long. It was apparent we weren't moving very fast toward fame and fortune. We decided to get a manager, and what do you do when you decide that? You get a person who is a friend and who is older. We got Mark Chaka, who found out after a while he needed help and he had a friend named Herb Cohen. Mark got us a gig playing a party for the guy who shot "Kondo Hollywood" and Herb was there. Herb didn't know what we were doing especially, but he thought we had... commercial potential.

Herb got us an audition at the Action in Hollywood, where six or seven months earlier they'd turned us away because our hair wasn't long enough. It still wasn't very long, so we went in wearing purple shirts and black hats. We looked like Mafia undertakers. The management of this establishment responded on a visceral level to this packaging and hired us for a four-week tour of duty. That was the start of the Big Time. Next up the ladder was the Whiskey, and then the Trip, which was just nirvana. We were booked into the Whiskey after the Action because Johnny Rivers, who was always there, was on tour and they needed someone to fill in — cheap. Our situation was so shaky there they didn't even put a sign out saying we were playing inside until our last three days, and we had to pay for the sign then. Then we went into the Trip, where we got lots of requests for "Help, I'm a Rock" and "Marmoset of Ft. Monte." The trouble was, no one danced during these songs because there's talking in the middle and the audience wanted to listen. Elmer (Valentine) wanted people to dance in his club because if someone looked in the door and saw an empty dance floor, they wouldn't come in. At least this is —

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BARON WOLMAN

—Continued from Preceding Page—
what he said. So one night we played both those tunes together for an hour! For a solid hour nobody danced. Immediately after that we were selling pop bottles to get money for cigarettes and bologna.

When did you sign with MGM?
They saw us at the Whisky and we started recording during the pop bottle days. The first day of recording we didn't even have money to eat. If Jesse Kay hadn't given us ten dollars, we'd have passed out. But he did and we didn't, and we laid down six tracks that first day. After that it was upward and onward to teenage stardom.

Was the group's image carefully planned? The freak image?

There's a difference between freaks and hippies. Hippies don't really care what they look like and the freaks care an awful lot. Their packaging and image construction is a very important part of their life style. Now I didn't tell the guys what to wear; I merely suggested their mode of dress conform to what we were doing. I felt you couldn't play the sort of music we were playing and look the way some of the guys did — with processed pompadours. It took a year for some of the guys to change. You have to understand some of the guys lived in Orange County and they were afraid to go home if they looked too weird. After a while they gave in. I haven't talked to them about this in two years.

The image was related to the music?

Sure, and of course it still is. The appearance of a group is linked to the music the same way an album cover is linked to the record. It gives a clue to what's inside. And the better the packaging the more the person who picked up that package will enjoy it.

You once told Davy Jones of The Monkees you liked Monkees music better than anything you'd heard from San Francisco. Were you serious?

I said most of what they recorded sounded better. People think San Francisco rock is supposed to be cosmic value and all that, but it is manufactured music and manufactured music is worthless. Monkees music is manufactured, too, of course, and I'd like to say at this point: they're worth about the same, except the Monkees records sound better produced. The problem with San Francisco groups is, I was expecting wonders and miracles and what I heard was a bunch of white blues bands that didn't sound as funky as my little band in high school.

Are there any groups in the business you feel have any legitimacy?

Yes. I like the Chrysalis, Jimi Hendrix, The Cream, Captain Beefheart. Traffic. And not necessarily in that order.

No solo artists?

What solo artists are there to choose from? I feel most of the creative work has been done by groups and not by solo artists. There are several competent solo artists lurking about, but they're not exactly pushing back any frontiers.

Did you come back to Los Angeles because you feel more comfortable here?

That's one of the reasons. I really like Laurel Canyon. It is the first place I have lived that I feel homey.

Did you intend to stay in New York as long as you did—18 months?

No. The first time we went there was Thanksgiving, for a week, and we got held over until New Year's. We finally left and went to Montreal for two weeks, then back to L.A., but ran into the problem of not enough work. The cops had shut everything up. Some of the boys in the band have five kids to feed. So we had an offer to go back and play this (Garrick) theatre Easter week. We had a few jobs in between, but we were just eking by. That's when I wrote "Lumpy Gravy," in eleven days. Anyway, New York looked good. Easter week was so successful the theatre management erroneously assumed we should be held over through the summer. The gross for the five months was \$103,000 and that sounds terrific, but overhead was high. Rent for the building was

\$1,000 a month. Electricity was another \$500, so when it came to the final count, we got maybe two bills a week apiece.

Was it there you started performing your "atrocities"?

Yes. We did everything. We performed a couple of marriages on stage. We pulled people out of the audience and made them make speeches. One time we brought 30 people up on stage and some of them took our instruments and the rest of them sang "Louie, Louie," as we left. We had a system rigged with a wire running from the light booth at the back of the theatre to the stage and the lighting guy would send stuff down the wire. First, maybe, a spread-eagled baby doll... followed by a salami, that would ram the baby doll in the ass.

It was all carefully planned, and we played the right music for this sort of thing. Sometimes the lighting guy would surprise us, and send eggs or something really messy down the wire. Our big attraction was the soft giraffe. We had this big stuffed giraffe on stage, with a hose running up to a spot between the rear legs. Ray Collins would go up to the giraffe and massage it with a frog hand puppet... and then the giraffe's tail would stiffen and the first three rows of the audience would get sprayed with whipped cream shooting out of the hose. All with musical accompaniment, of course. It was the most popular feature of our show. People would request it all the time. We had a hawk standing outside of the theatre pulling people in from the street into that stinky room for a thrill and we gave them a thrill.

Was that the only reason you did this, or did it relate to the music somehow?

Music always is a commentary on society, and certainly the atrocities on stage are quite mild compared to those conducted in our behalf by our government. You can't write a chord ugly enough to say what you want to say sometimes, so you have to rely on a giraffe filled with whipped cream. Also, they didn't know how to listen. Interest spans wane and they need something to help them re-focus.

Actually, the way the atrocities started was accidental. Somebody had given one of the guys a big doll and one night we pulled some Marines out of the audience. Just to break the monotony. We hadn't started the atrocities yet. So we had this idea we could show the audience what Marines were really like. I threw the doll to the Marines and said, "This is a gook baby... show us how we treat gooks in Vietnam." And they tore that baby apart. After that we included props in all our shows. I call them visual aids.

How much of what you actually do in a live show is planned?

The only part of the show that's planned is the building blocks—certain items, the noises, the songs, the cues for the songs and noises. The elements are assembled in different ways. The sequence is the most important part of the show and it will tell you how to listen to the music. It's all controlled by signals. When I jump up and hit the ground, for instance, the first two notes I play on the guitar tell the guys what song is next. Sometimes I use hand signals to cue a vomiting sound, or snorking. That sort of thing.

The personnel on the group has changed over the years. Who's in the group now?

Ray Collins, the lead vocalist. I've known him maybe 10 years and he's been singing R&B for 15 or 16 years, which makes him about 30 now. He has a very bizarre sense of humor, as shown when he performs his magic tricks, which don't work. Prior to joining the Mothers he was a part-time bartender and carpenter.

Roy Estrada is the bass player, 26. He's been playing R&B since he was 16, lived in Orange County most of his life, and was driving a lumber truck before joining the group. Jimmy Carl Black is the drummer, is around 30, and up until recently was an extremely ambitious beer drinker—10 quarts a day. He's about 90 per cent Cherokee (his Indian name is James Inkish) and he was working

in a gas station in Kansas.

Ian Underwood is 29, has a masters in music from Yale and Berkeley and is an accomplished woodwind player and concert pianist, specializing in Mozart. I met him in the studio one day and he wanted to join the group. I said, "What do you do that's fantastic?" He played the piano and alto sax and I hired him.

Bunk Gardner I don't know much about. He's obviously conservatory trained, manicures his beard, combs his hair, and likes to take his clothes off when he's counting money.

Euclid James "Motorhead" Sherwood I've known 12 years. We were in high school in Lancaster together. He used to play baritone sax in the Omens. He has the ability to perform a dance known as the bug, which resembles an epileptic fit. He's one of those guys you say, "I know this guy who's really weird and I want to show him to you." He was our equipment handler for a while and when we started the atrocities we started handing him our instruments to see what would happen. He played things more imaginative than the proficient musicians could lay down. It was just him against the machine in his mouth, a saxophone. He is also very proficient at dolls and visual aids.

Don Preson plays electric piano, electric organ and electronic music effects. His main claim to fame is he loses money—hundreds of dollars a month. Art Tripp played for two years with the Cincinnati Symphony as a percussionist. He toured the world for the State Department. He has performed solo concerts of stuff by Stockhausen and John Cage. In spite of all that, he's just as creepy as the rest of the people in the band. I think that's it. Eight? Eight.

What other do you credit with influencing your work?

It'd just sound like a dumb list. It won't mean anything to most people. In another year maybe they'll be ready for these people. Now it'd just be a list of names they can't pronounce.

Where do you think music is going now?

The easiest trend to predict is the trend toward eclecticism.

Isn't that what we have now?

Yes, but the bands are just getting into this now. There are two different directions, besides eclecticism, music might take. One is what you could call neo-classicism. Groups that have done a certain amount of experimenting with the limited technical expertise that they possess might have found out all that they expect to find out. Eventually some of these people are going to listen to R&B with an ear for structure... listen to it rather than try to sing it like Negroes. They might use some of the basic techniques of the '50's to form new sounds. In other words, things might get simpler. It might be a rebirth of songs about boyfriends and girlfriends that are sincere. There is also a possibility that people will start dancing close together again.

The other way is the motor pool idea. The market for groups is waning, groups are dissolving. It is possible that some of the people in these groups have reached the musical stature they want and are not too concerned about the bullshit of the business, and they might drop out of the groups and join a motor pool, where their services would become available to a system that would accept bookings from a promoter. All he could do is say how many pieces he needs for a particular occasion and he would get these players from the motor pool. The players would be given one week's notice and one week to put together one hour's material. They would then play a show and would never play together again just that way. So you get unique entertainment each time. You get the chance to hear something spontaneous, something that would be good for everyone. Musicians would be challenged. They wouldn't have to play the same repertoire all the time. I think neo-classicism is more likely, though.

Is there any area we didn't get into you'd like...

Yeah. I think there's some law that says if you go to trial for something

you have to be tried by a jury made up from your peer group, right? Well, I think a bare minimum requirement for this peer group is that it has to be people from your own politico-socio-economic group, at least your own age group. In other words, young people with long hair cannot be fairly tried by old people with no hair; that isn't a peer group. If you have long hair, the jury should have long hair. If you take drugs, the jury should have taken drugs. If you are a Bircher, the jury should be Birchers...

Wait a minute. Are you serious? Where do you draw the line? At blue eyes?

I don't say they have to be your biological duplicate. But there should be some sociological definition of peer group. You should be tried by people who see things the same way you do. Until that happens I'll laugh every time I hear the word "justice."

It's just that... well, do you know there is a law in this town about disturbing the peace of a police officer? There is! If an officer is sitting in his squad car drinking coffee and you beep your horn you may be arrested for disturbing that officer's peace. And if you turn to the person sitting in your car next to you and discuss beeping your horn, that's conspiracy to disturb an officer's peace, which is a felony. The establishment could put all the creeps and long hairs in ovens, you know, but that's kind of messy, so they just make things difficult. They say "keep those fuckers in line." That's how far things have gone in this country. I mention this because public bitches and gripes are like the Top 40. A while ago it was napalm a-go-go and the Dow Chemical Company. Now it's something else. Tell the people the peer group and justice. Tell them to chew on this for a while.



ROLLING STONE

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PIGPEN TO MEET POPE?

BY MICHAEL LYDON

The First European International Pop Festival, a resounding name for a still rather mysterious event, is being planned for Rome's huge Palazzo dello Sport February 19 to 25.

If it comes off and comes off well, it could be one of the biggest rock and roll shows of all time. But less than a month and a half before opening day, its organization seems chaotic and its origins shadowy.

By the second week in January the festival organizers claimed to have signed seven British groups, and to have preliminary acceptances from 18

American (mostly San Francisco) groups. Invitations are also going out to bands from the Continent and all over the world.

Despite Monterey-like effusions about love and peace, plus promises to donate the proceeds to charity, the Rome Festival will be run on traditional European lines: performers will be paid, and a panel of judges will award eight "Golden Laurels" to the best groups. Thirteen four-hour shows are scheduled, making one-hour slots for 25 groups.

The seven English groups the festival claims to have signed are Donovan, the Cream, the Who, Pink Floyd, Nice, the Crazy

—Continued on Page 4

BEATLES ZAP USA LTD

The Beatles closed the offices of Beatles U.S.A., Ltd., their fan club and business office in this country, and fired their American press agent. They severed all business connections here and will conduct their activities entirely from England in the future.

There have been shake-ups in London too. The Beatles have withdrawn from NEMS, the agency started by the late Brian Epstein, their first — and only — manager. Apple, the Beatles-owned corporation that also runs the boutiques of the same name, will represent the group in all its future undertakings. This

move had been expected after Epstein's death, but its occurrence now caught many in the music business off stride.

Although the Beatles own substantial stock in NEMS, active direction of the agency passed to Clive Epstein, Brian's brother. Speculation on the reasons for the move suggests that the Beatles wanted to remove themselves from the policies of the Epsteins and pursue their own ideas for producing music, films, television shows and other enterprises. There has been no indication that the Beatles intend to sell or otherwise dispose of their stock in NEMS.

MONTEREY FILM BUMMER

BY SUE C. CLARK

A one hour television film of the Monterey International Pop Festival, currently being produced for the American Broadcasting Company, has ruffled in considerable consternation among the musicians who appeared at the festival (and who may or may not appear in the film). The film focuses so much on the activities and performance of the Mamas and the Papas to the point that performances of some of the best groups who appeared are left out, that Al Kooper, former organist and star of the Blues Project, says the television film appears to be about the "John Phillips-Lou Adler International Pop Festival."

Al Kooper, formerly of the Blues Project and now the leader of his own band, Blood, Sweat & Tears, discusses the film in a special review on Page 17.

The opening number of the festival film is Scott McKenzie's song (and McKenzie is a friend of Phillips and Adler, who produced his record, managed him and wrote the song "Wear Flowers in Your Hair." The second song in the film is "Creeping Alby" by the Mamas and the Papas. They also sing "California Dreamin'" and are shown directing, watching, managing, supervising and speaking. Another curiosity is that the sound for

—Continued on Page 2

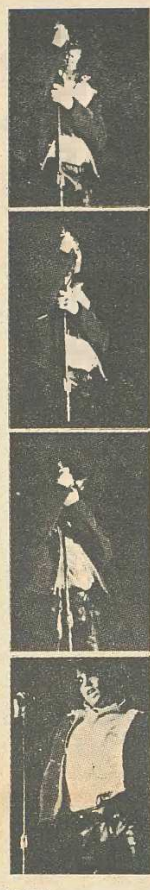
DOORS UP FOR MOVIE

The Doors have been offered \$500,000 by Universal International pictures to star in a movie. The film, scheduled for production this spring, will be written, produced and directed by members of the group, who are still considering the offer. Also in the works is a television special on ABC later this spring.

Meanwhile, the Doors are brushing into print. Stated for February release by publisher Price/Stearns/Sloan is an edition of singer Jim Morrison's lyrics, which will be printed as poetry. The book is a "coffee table" volume, handsomely designed and illustrated with lots of pictures of Morrison. All the Doors are involved with a Random House softcover humor book, which will also have photographs, these to be taken by the group.

Elektra is keeping the title of their next album a secret, but

—Continued on Page 15



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN

“Rolling Stone
is well on its way to
becoming the most influential publication
dealing with pop music.”

—Taken from the 2/29 “confidential trade” section of the Tempo Newsletter (available by subscription only, \$140.00 per year.)

Who reads Rolling Stone? For example, Robert Shelton, Richard Goldstein, Paul Williams and Nat Hentoff all read Rolling Stone. (Ralph Gleason, Jon Landau and Jann Wenner, they write Rolling Stone.) But you don't have to be a music critic to dig Rolling Stone.

When we published our first issue, less than six months ago, we introduced ourselves like this: “You're probably wondering what we are trying to do. It's hard to say: sort of a magazine and sort of a newspaper. The name of it is ROLLING STONE, which comes from an old saying: ‘A rolling stone gathers no moss.’ Muddy Waters used the name for a song he wrote; The Rolling Stones took their name from Muddy's song, and ‘Like A Rolling Stone’ was the title of Bob Dylan's first rock and roll record.

“We have begun a new publication reflecting what we see are the changes in rock and roll and the changes related to rock and roll. Because the trade papers have become so inaccurate and irrelevant, and because the fan magazines are an anachronism, fashioned in the mold of myth and nonsense, we hope that we have something here for the artists and the industry, and every person who ‘believes in the magic that can set you free.’

“ROLLING STONE is not just about music, but also about the things and attitudes that the music embraces. We've been working quite hard on it and we hope you will dig it. To describe it any further would be difficult without sounding like bullshit, and bullshit is like gathering moss.”

Now we read about ourselves in other publications, things like what you read above and comments like “Rolling Stone is what we've all been waiting for.”

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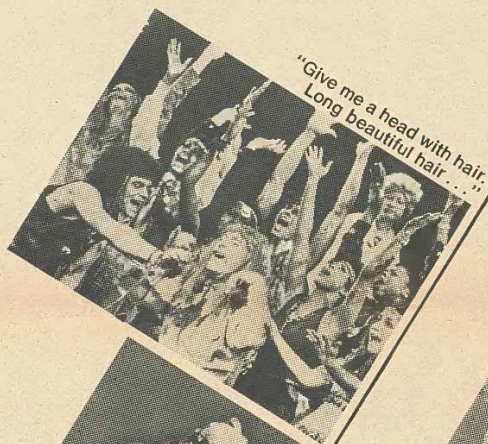
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The long and the short of it.

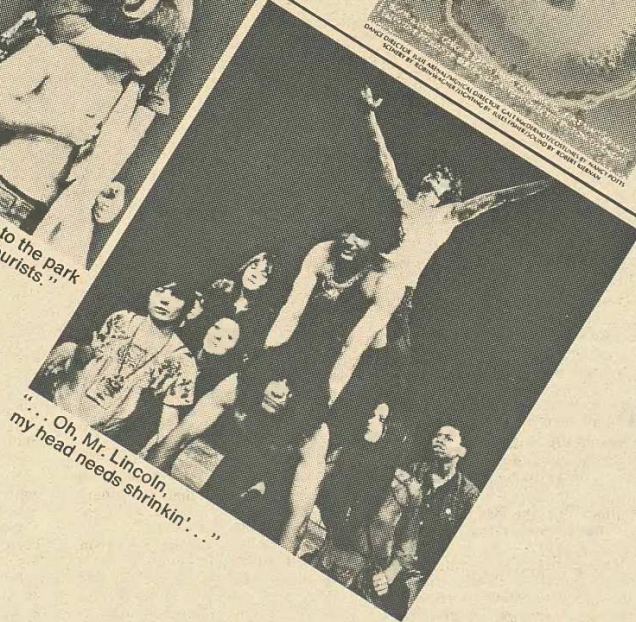
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"Give me a head with hair.
Long beautiful hair..."



"Let's go over to the park
and scare the tourists."



"... Oh, Mr. Lincoln,
my head needs shrinkin'..."

RCA

Richie Havens



SPICER

BY STEVE GLAZIER

"I'm going straight into what I'm doing. The direction for my music," says Richie Havens, "is heaven, of course. We gear all things to the realm of heaven — which is the mind, the organized mind."

On Saturday afternoon of his last weekend at the Fillmore, Richie Havens walked around the zoo. He is a very active man, but he is very peaceful. He has time to rescue a group of baby chicks from two rock-throwing boys. And he has time to think about himself, his music, and people today.

"I'm interested in the world getting itself together," he said. "And it's really going on. It's right on time. because it never can be late and it never can be early."

"You can't even kill yourself if it isn't your time to go. People have no control whatsoever over what happens to them, and they are beginning to realize this."

"The future lies in the time of living. Your doing something will get you into tomorrow, if you want to call it tomorrow. If you want to make those distinctions at all."

He sees his music in the context of what is happening in his mind and what he feels is happening in the people, especially the young people, who listen to him.

It's a matter of oneness," he explained. "You've got to get away

from not being together in body and mind and soul. Now people are becoming conscious of this. It's a heavy spiritual trip."

Richie is 27 and has lived most of his life in Brooklyn and Greenwich Village. His songs are folk-oriented, but like Dylan or Donovan, he has gone beyond the straight folk idiom into his own bag.

I asked him about his feelings toward his music, and suggested that there was a great deal of passion in it.

"I haven't had a chance to 'feel' about my music," he answered. "It actually is those feelings. It's there and I don't have to think about it."

On the central role played by music in the spiritual awakening he described, Richie commented:

"Music is the major form of communication. It's the commonest vibration, the people's news broadcast, especially for kids."

His current listening includes such artists as Hamilton Camp, Kenney Rankin, and Joni Mitchell. But he sees the importance of "psychedelic" music:

"It did what it was supposed to do. It woke people up. It woke up a lot of ears, made a lot of good ears. Now these people are listening to what the musicians listen to, getting to the sources."

Before returning to the Fillmore in May, Richie was on a two-month

tour of colleges in the east and elsewhere in the country. Despite the constant travelling and the grind of concerts, he enjoyed the tour. "Every night, in a new town, at a new college, we met the same groovy people. There is a unity of personality among the people who know."

Richie has gone through a lot of changes since he first came to the West Coast, and particularly to San Francisco and Berkeley, a year ago. He appreciates the San Francisco "scene" and said that the city "attracted all the right vibrations it needed to do what it did, and exported the things it didn't need."

His third album on Verve Forecast will be coming out this summer, probably in July. He has already begun recording in Los Angeles. The new album includes more of his own material than the others. It was described by a friend as "beautiful songs, soft and loving."

On earlier albums he has reinterpreted material by other composers, and has been especially successful with the usually impossible task of bringing something new to Bob Dylan. I asked him his reaction to Dylan's abrupt reversal of direction on *John Wesley Harding*.

"Dylan has gone around a full circle," he commented. "He is starting all over again, but on a higher level. He'll probably go through the same progression changes again, but on a new level. Everyone's go-

ing around that circle, it's just that we didn't all start at the same time, so we don't all get to the same place at the same time. There's an uneven distribution of awareness."

Richie connected this "uneven distribution of awareness" to the inability of parents and the "older generation" to really appreciate what is happening in contemporary music and in the life of their children in general. "The parents themselves lack what they taught their children to have. The kids are taught respect and manners and honesty, and then they grow up in a world which doesn't give this to them. So they rebel."

"But now people are getting to know. Everybody is starting to do what they're supposed to do. Astrology, zen—it all ties in. People are contributing to each other on the astrological level; giving mind, body, and soul. Giving life. They're always been doing it, but now they're starting to be aware of it. This is new."

For himself, Richie Havens has an unlimited future without substantive ambitions or drive. "Everything I want to do, and to accomplish," he says, "is on the other side of the universe. That's peace of mind, energy, freedom. And I'm making myself ready to go, joyfully and willingly."

"I think I'm ready to be everybody's friend, and to do anything for anybody. It's heavy."

BY JON LANDAU

"The pop scene has changed drastically during the last five years. The honky tonk atmosphere of rock and roll has been replaced by the opening night atmosphere of an art exhibit. Pop music has become valid. It is an art form."

The above quotation, taken from a recent publicity hand-out of a well-known group, articulates one of the most misleading and destructive attitudes currently held by some musicians, a lot of fans and too many self-made critics.

The entire history of rock shows that it is based on a misunderstanding of what rock and roll is, and what listening to and playing rock and roll entails. Nonetheless the dehydrating and lifeless attitude that the quote above expresses is growing in influence, rather than declining. The consequences of such a development could be disastrous for all of us if this attitude is not altered in the near future. When rock emerged in 1954-1955 as a distinct musical entity, it was born with attributes not found in any other musical form. The synthesis of blues, country and western and pop that early white artists like Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, the early Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly created was not, as is so often charged, merely a white watering down of black music. It was a distinctive new sound.

Presley, for example, recorded some Big Boy Crudup tunes in the real early days, when he was on Sun, but mixed the blues vocal with the near country guitar of Scotty Moore. And he then turned around and recorded Bill Monroe's "Blue Moon of Kentucky" but injected that fine country tune with a blues flavor. Of course there was some aping of the older blues masters, but there was just as much imitation of the great country stars, and there was always an underside of original self-expression which transcended the purely imitative. The combination was wild and primitive and relevant primarily to young people, who, then as now, were the first to respond to changes in popular music.

Neither blues nor country music, during their periods of primacy in the pop field, engendered the kind of mass and direct communication that Presley did in the mid-fifties. Nor did either Hank Williams or Joe Turner, as performers, respond to the music in the totally physical way that Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis did. On the white side of the scale, the musicians knocked out any traces of complexity and subtlety, combined some elements that were begging to be combined, and came up with a sound and performing style that was genuinely liberating for the young people of that period. It was, at its best, unpretentious, hard, simple, body music. Nobody had to tell you to get up and dance.

On the black side there was a parallel development. Most of the performers who came into prominence during the mid-fifties were not straight bluesmen. Someone like Chuck Berry had a strong blues foundation, but also managed to combine elements of country and western with Creole music and with hilarious original lyrics. Little Richard became prototypical of the totally uninhibited, unpretentious, physical style that had become fashionable all over.

This was early rock at its best. It was unmistakably a folk-music form. Within the confines of the media, these musicians articulated attitudes, styles and feelings that were genuine reflections of their own experience and of the social situation which had helped to produce that experience. Because the media would tend to reject any serious comment on society, when the artists wanted to bitch they tended to do so in the form of humorous comment. Consequently, early rock had a very strong sense of humor.

By 1955 much of America's most popular music had broken away from the stagnating influence of Tin Pan Alley, although the actual quantity of pop about which this could be said was still very small. The influence of this new trend in rock continued to grow and ultimately resulted in

the attempt of the music establishment to conserve and expand their control of the music scene. For it should be noted that all the big creative talents of the era began their careers with small independents: Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, and Roy Orbison on Sun; Chuck Berry on Chess; and Little Richard, Larry Williams, and Sam Cooke on Specialty.

The big companies were not profiting from this situation, so the inevitable corruption and over-saturation of the market with second-rate imitators was begun. This was coupled with personal problems that beset the great stars. (Jerry Lee Lewis was involved in a marital scandal, Chuck Berry spent time in jail, Little Richard retired to the ministry, Buddy Holly died, and Elvis Presley got bogged down in a stagnating relationship with RCA.)

The big powers were obviously threatened by the uninhibited style and even the modest semblance of

radio in the early sixties was nothing but the worst kind of rot imaginable. And it is in the context of this situation that the Beatles managed to take center stage.

What, of course, was the first thing that the early Beatles sought to do? Resurrect the great spirits of the earlier days in rock and roll and remind everyone where it had all come from. In their first four or five albums they managed to record songs originally made famous by: Little Richard, Carl Perkins, the Shirelles, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, the Miracles, the Marvelettes and Larry Williams. Many people thought these were not very successful cuts, and many of them weren't. But it did show that the Beatles had a sense of where it all came from, and by recording "Long Tall Sally" and "Words of Love" they expressed their affinity and sense of continuity with the great early period in the development of rock and roll.

In their original material they

They cut him.

It must be realized that the core attitude of rock, with the early Beatles as much as with Little Richard, and the core attitude of formal art were antithetical. Rock was not intended to be reflective or profound. God help Little Richard if he had had to survive in the atmosphere of an opening night art gallery. Yet over a period of the last two years, the artiness cult has grown within the rock community. More and more people expect of rock what they used to expect of philosophy, literature, films, and visual art. Others expect of rock what they used to get out of drugs. And in my opinion, rock cannot withstand that kind of burden because it forces onto rock qualities which are the negation of what rock was all about in the first place.

You can see the whole pattern within the context of the careers of the Stones and the Beatles. There is no question that the music of the Stones, right through *Between the Buttons*, was an extension of the rock and roll that preceded it. All of their records were imbued with the balliness and the primitive quality which is so essential in rock. They were deflators, comedians, and always, overwhelmingly physical. What came after *Between the Buttons* was, to me, an abandonment of the style to try and make a "serious" comment and in so doing they over-reached their artistic limits, and tried to do something they were not equipped to do: they came on as art.

The Beatles managed to arrive at the complete negation of their earlier selves with "Fool On the Hill," a song which contains all the qualities that the early Beatles sought to deflate: it is pious, subtly self-righteous, humorless and totally unphysical.

But why rock has turned to the more preachy, poetical and pretentious style which it sought to disparage in its earlier years, at this particular point in time, is a very complex question. I think it has a lot to do with the fact that as older people, including many refugees from the folk-scene of the early sixties and many post-adolescents in general became involved with rock, they wanted it to say more than it already did.

It wasn't good enough to just sing about cars, bailing, dances, school, and summertime blues. There was a feeling that you have got to say something big and new. The self-inflation and easy half-truths that come so easily with semi-religious mentality filled that void and created the kind of piety and solemnity which is often rock's worst enemy. The joyfulness and uninhibited straight-forwardness which is such an essential side to all rock and roll was often lost in the shuffle. Rock became cerebral.

As a case in point, take the Doors. To me, they sum up what a completely dead end this side of popular music is. Their lyrics are invariably pretense. They are cast in the mold of poetry, but what they really are is posturing and attitudinizing. They are a way of putting just so much verbal bullshit in the way of real, musical communication between the audience and the musician. The songs are seldom a comment on the individual reality of the members of the group, but rather, more often, a self-conscious and studied attempt on the part of the group to make art. Just read the words to "You're a Lost Little Girl" or "Unhappy Girl." It gets even more ridiculous when the Doors try to show off the primitiveness for which they are famous, because the arty posturing becomes even more strained in that context. The whole mess is labelled the theatre of rock, and we are all supposed to marvel at how the Doors have brought the artist and the audience closer together.

Compare to that the earlier or perhaps the current Stones. Or Jimi Hendrix. The Stones didn't kid around. Nobody bothered to call their thing theatre because it wasn't the self-conscious act that Morrison puts on. It wasn't art. From the moment Jagger walked on the stage you were watching the real thing. When Jagger waved his hand to the audience it wasn't posturing. I didn't

—Continued on Page 19

ROCK &



Chuck Berry

some kind of lyrical comment on the way things were, and they did their best to return things to business as usual. And because the stars of those days were not all that hip to the true extent of their power nor as highly conscious of their roles as musicians are today, they were easily manipulated and used, and soon many of them were overshadowed by the big labels, attempts to freeze them out of their positions. After all, Chuck Berry sold millions of records in the middle and late fifties, but you never saw him on anything but the Dick Clark Show.

The final kiss of death came with the payola scandals which created a sort of conservative yearning for the ways of the past and ultimately wound up replacing Chuck Berry with Chubby Checker and Buddy Holly with Bobby Vee.

The result was that with exception of some small independents, like Atlantic and the early Motown, pop

made it clear that they were soul brothers of the originals. They too sought to articulate their experience in their own music in the unpretentious, physical way. The Beatles of 1954 loved to deflate authority and piety, and emphasize self-expression.

In a somewhat different way the Stones were into the same thing. They were considerably more adroit at recreating the old material—they were, in my opinion, the only ones who every really improved on the originals — and were slower at getting into original things. Not only that, but in doing the old songs they did not simply interpret within the older framework. Even though Keith Richards would put down solos that were note for note copies of the originals, the sound was harder, more electric and often smoother than the original. The Stones more than the Beatles, or anyone else, modernized as they interpreted. Just compare their "Route 66" to Chuck Berry's.

Landau: What's Wrong with Rock 'Art'

—Continued from Page 18
feel like I was watching a college student who had found his way into the wrong business.

And then, of course, when Jagger sings and when the Stones play, there's some meat to it. It isn't this cute and aimless washed-out antiseptic organ music. The Stones sing about a "stupid girl" as opposed to a "lost little girl." There is something about their "I can't get no satisfaction" which transcends the Doors' pale attempts at affecting a similar stance. The Stones have the charisma, the authenticity, while the Doors wind up playing music that, to these ears, sounds as close to rock as professional wrestling is to sports.

Just about now, many readers are beginning to ask if all I am going to say is that rock should go back to the middle ages. And of course I don't think that at all. What I do think is that rock, in its earliest period, created a life style which has relevance today, and to which we may find more and more of our leading rock stars turning to as they reach a dead end with the kind of artistic, proselytizing mode that infested so much of the recent outpouring of pop.

The trouble is when it comes on serious. There is nothing wrong with being serious if you keep it all in perspective and if you have the artistic ability to be serious. Most rock and roll musicians are banal, amateurish and insipidly stupid when they try to express their philosophy of life in the context of popular music.

It should be noted with reference to the Stones that they seem to have undergone some second thoughts about the wisdom of their most recent course, and consequently, "Jumpin' Jack Flash" seems to be a return to the attitude of the earlier Stones, while continuing its expansion and development. It is one of the finest singles of the year and proves to me that the Stones are

still the finest white rock and roll band around.

We already see it with Jimi Hendrix and the Who, "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." And of course the black artists have never really fallen into the trap. Otis Redding was expanding and exploring the essence of rock and roll during the length of his career. His charisma and chutzpah onstage is paralleled by Hendrix and Jagger. And of course, he got his from Little Richard.

Furthermore, I don't mean to say that there can only be one path to the continued development of rock. There is room for introducing wholly new elements into the music including seemingly arty ones. The Byrds and Procol Harum are two groups who have introduced highly eclectic sources into a basic rock framework and have still managed to synthesize a highly authentic and successful style. So have Moby Grape (although not so much on *Wow*). The Buffalo Springfield were capable of extending rock in wholly original ways without ever losing sight of what it is all about. Just dig titles like "Rock and Roll Woman" (an exquisite cut) or "Mr. Soul." And Steve Miller, on the first side of his new album, shows a similar ability to mix rock and non rock sources into an exciting style.

The only thing I would insist on is that rock functions at its best when it does not seek to over-generalize, preach, or tell people what to do or think. It is at its best when it is used to explore the experience of the musician and the listener, when it seeks to entertain as well as provoke, when it realizes that rock is not primarily poetry or art, but something much more direct and immediate than either. Rock and roll has to be body music, before it can be head music, or it will wind up being neither. Rock and Roll may be the new music but rock musicians are not the new prophets.

A mulberry worm turns on a garbage dump. Nightshade vines take root in a slum. A butterfly feeds on gasoline fumes and

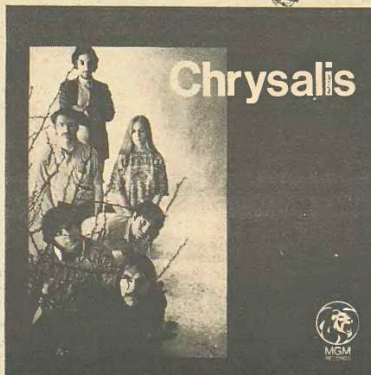
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RECORDS:



Wheels Of Fire, Cream (Atco SD 2-700)

Cream is good at a number of things; unfortunately song-writing and recording are not among them. However, they are fantastic performers and excellent musicians. Their latest recording, *Wheels of Fire*, a two-record set inside a silver jacket, proves all this.

One record is subtitled "In the Studio." The set begins with a Jack Bruce original, "White Room," which is practically an exact duplication of "Tales of Brave Ulysses" from their *Disraeli Gears* album, including the exact same lines for guitar, bass and drums. The lyrics are not much to speak of and it's very difficult to imagine why they would want to do this again, unless of course, they had forgotten that they had done it before. The Sonny Bono-ish production job adds little.

"Sittin' On Top of the World," a Howlin' Wolf song, is a fine slow blues, done much closer to the original than the familiar speeded-up version by the Grateful Dead. The song is a good vehicle for Clapton, but that's about it. Wolf's ballad-style singing and melody is far superior to Bruce's. (Those interested in comparisons might want to pick up Wolf's *Real Folk Blues* LP on the Chess label, and compare the two,

and then compare that comparison to what the Electric Flag did with Wolf's "Killing Floor," also on the same record. The Flag wins.)

"Passing the Time," a soft sad-circus tune with various instrumental paraphernalia thrown in, is a stone bore. The transition from verse to chorus is absolutely absurd. Ginger Baker stands out on glockenspiel. Of all of Jack Bruce's compositions in this release, only one of them is good, "As You Said." The structure is thoughtful and pleasant. Clapton is totally absent from this cut; Ginger Baker uses only his high hat and Bruce plays acoustic guitar and cello. The way they play back and forth and with each other, each on the melody together, is musicianship worthy of their reputation.

"Pressed Rat and Warthog," a Ginger Baker poem recited to a good background of drum rolls and Clapton's chording, is a track open to individual taste. It's nice, but not what you want to get the album for. The trumpet solos spoil whatever mood was trying to be evoked by their superfluity and obviousness.

It is unfortunate that the group chose to do "Born Under a Bad Sign," that fine blues that Booker T. Jones wrote for Albert King. King's guitar solo can hardly be improved, although Clapton does do it with his own style. The real mistake is that Jack Bruce doesn't have a good voice for blues, but he chooses to try it out on one that is currently popular in an exceptionally fine original version. His throaty breathing is just plain wrong. Ginger Baker also ought to learn that knocking on a cowbell and woodblock does not make a song funky.

There is really only one good side to come out of the studio, and that is "Politician," a track which really gets to the heart of Cream's very real problem. Because only rarely do they have a good original song to work with, their standard procedure is to put a strong rhythm and chord structure behind it and sort of recite the lyrics, spoken almost rather than sung because there is no melody.

The trouble with this studio LP is that confronted with this problem — and their predilection to use miserable originals rather than revive a good blues — they have chosen to add layers of superfluous instrumental work. This is particularly ironic in that Cream is the group that initiated the concept of a trio with only the three essential instruments really commanding a piece.

What makes "Politician" the most successful is that, although it is not a song of much merit, they don't muddy it with a lot of meaningless studio garbage, but use the studio to overdub two more guitar parts. In "Those Were the Days," half of it is studio garbage and the other half is the driving drum-bass-guitar combination.

Disraeli Gears had this same problem of paucity of material. In that previous release they had three good originals, used a few good blues, and for the rest of it wailed with only three instruments, so that despite the lack of good original material, it was still fine listening. It took only four days to do *Disraeli Gears* "from stem to stern," as their producer, Felix Pappalardi, has put it, and several weeks for the studio work in their new release. *Disraeli Gears* was far better.

Fortunately, however, the other record in this set is "Live At The Fillmore" where it was recorded several months ago. For one thing, it at least proves that you can do an excellent live recording of a rock and roll group (something, amazingly enough, none of the San Francisco groups have yet done, despite the popular belief that their sound is designed for live performances).

By and large, the live performance is excellent. Jack Bruce is not very good with a harmonica and it amazes me why he plays it at all. His solo on "Traintime" is loudly amateurish. If they had dumped this cut and put in three of the studio sides ("Sittin' On Top of the World," "As You Said," and "Politician"), we would have one really fine record instead

of a set that is 1 1/4 good and 2 1/4 mediocre.

"Toad" is a fine number; the live performance is much better than the previously recorded studio version. Here Clapton really displays his superlative chording and rhythm abilities. Ginger Baker's long drum solo is pretty good, on the whole. His tendency to be sloppy is not evident, and he gets moving quickly and sustains the tension well (though he nearly loses it once when he seems to have momentarily choked and come out of it with a few repetitive minutes).

The really fine side of this whole business is the one with "Crossroads" and "Spoonful." This is where Cream really shines because it is where they are at: live, without superfluity of any kind, and into the blues. Clapton is a much better blues singer than Bruce, and his vocal on "Crossroads" is a relief. The tune is Clapton's showpiece, and he does it just like he's supposed to. It's far and away the best cut on the album.

"Spoonful" only really gets going about a third of the way into it. The only criticism I have about this cut is that Jack Bruce's bass-playing is much too busy when he should be the bottom of the sound. On the other hand, he and Clapton really move. The way they do it as a trio is excellent: Clapton and Bruce get going into their "rolling and tumbling" groove, making it madly through the record while Ginger Baker is playing vertically, walking along at just as mad a clip. This is the kind of thing that people who have seen Cream perform walk away raving about and it's good to at last have it on a record.

Anyway, the whole bundle comes in a double-fold packet with this exploding, psychedelized imitation 'Saul Steinberg (of the *New Yorker*) cartoon mural on the cover and a totally tasteless Ken Keseyism on the inside.

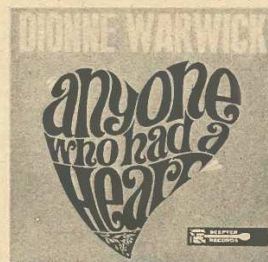
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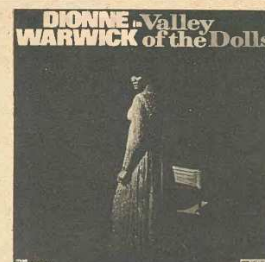
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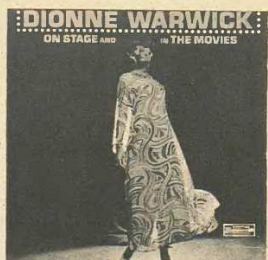
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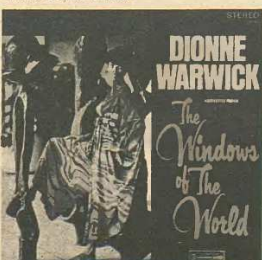
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I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again, Buffy Sainte Marie, Vanguard (VSD-79280)

Buffy Ste. Marie has always been a country girl—she hasn't had to adjust her voice any to fit the Nashville infection. She sounds just as good with steel guitar backing as she does all alone. Buffy sounds honest—that final note on "A Soulful Shade Of Blue" is as unpretentious as the dedication of the album to Chet Atkins. Somehow it doesn't seem to matter where she records. If she were backed by Gerry and the Pacemakers and produced by Frank Zappa it would still be just plain Buffy Ste. Marie that came through.

The most obvious track on *I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again*, where the Nashville sound corrupts her is on her classic "Now That The Buffalo's Gone." The electrifying, almost frightening intensity of the original version (on her album debut *It's My Way*) is lost behind the lilting steel guitar, bass and drum accompaniment, evoking no more than a wince rather than the usual unhealing shudder. The "brum brum" of the Jordanaires doesn't help retain the overwhelming sincerity of the song. Its really a lack of taste in arrangement. (The "dum-dum" Indian drum-like refrain towards the end could have simply been omitted. It sounds like something from Johnny Cash's "Bitter Tears.") And since Buffy is the kind of unassuming performer easily carried away by the thrill of recording in Nashville, sur-

rounded by twelve or fifteen of the finest country musicians, producers Bob Lurie and Maynard Solomon probably could have convinced her to sing "Until Its Time For You To Go" in German in square-dance rhythm backed by that insidious Jordanaires' "brum brum"-ing.

"Piney Wood Hills" is the only other repeat from an earlier album (*Many A Mile*) and it, too, suffers. The haunting quality is lost—and replaced by a full country & western orchestra backing—pretty, but ineffectual.

But most of the other selections—all her own compositions—are beautiful. Especially "A Souful Shade Of Blue" and "Sometimes When I Get To Thinkin'." She gets very honest-country on "He's A Pretty Good Man If You Ask Me" when she "talks" part of the two middle verses.

"Take My Hand For Awhile," with some pearly piano accompaniment by Floyd Kramer, is a soft ballad that's very easy to listen to but verges on the over-produced "country-Muzak" sound of Patsy Cline. And "Gonna Feel Much Better When You're Gone" is in the sickly-sweet vein of an old Rosemary Clooney "jumper".

Perhaps the best track is "Uncle Joe," a traditional square-dance number begun by Buffy on mouth-bow, followed by a verse-by-verse buildup of fiddle, bass and other instruments, until the whole backing group is involved. And since it's under two minutes in length it doesn't have a chance to get boring.

The album is really too perfect. It has that over-produced, grossly commercial-country tone; and its really too bad, because Buffy Ste. Marie is a serious, outstanding performer. All of these songs are good—although she's made a very obvious effort to sound simple and homey.

Buffy's done a good job here—I'm sure she's pleased with the result—in fact at her last few concerts she's been backed by a country group. But the production and arranging staff is to be blamed for trying too hard. (Their disastrous treatment of

"Now That The Buffalo's Gone" is almost unforgivable.) It's too bad that Buffy and the outstanding backup studio personnel couldn't have produced a more gratifying result. Their effort has been countermanded by an overzealous Lurie and Solomon. Too bad for all of us Buffy Ste. Marie fans.

BARRY GIFFORD



*Like To Get To Know You—Spanky
and Our Gang (Mercury SR 61161)
The National Gallery (Phillips
600-266)*

Vocal groups today: kitsch and Cowswills (the Mamas and Papas were nice once, but . . .); too slick, commercial, etc. Consider two recent rock vocal group efforts: the National Gallery and Spanky and Our Gang. Spanky and Our Gang are slick, commercial, etc. Problem: they're occasionally good.

Spanky and Our Gang play on kitsch, on "camp" two years too late (songs like "Stuperflabbergasted" and "My Bill").

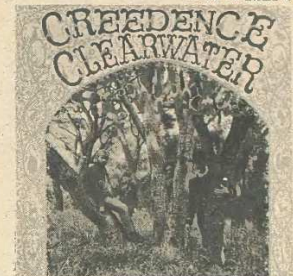
Their "Stardust" has little to do with rock (except in mood), yet it is a minor achievement, a combination of Four Freshman-Glenn Miller schlock carried off perfectly, elevating the trad cliché in a manner reminiscent (in conception) of Ray Davies' "End of the Season." Of course, when serious kitsch collides with Leonard Cohen, the result is embarrassing in parts ("Suzanne"), especially the Hollywood-with-harps ending. In addition there are naturally a lot of merely competent tracks, with lots of money and violins poured in; note, however: the arrangements are well done, not too syrupy (even if definitely not avant-garde — but then what did you expect?)

Side two contains two superb purely musical transitions (especially "Like To Get To Know You" to "Chick-a-Ding-Ding"), a couple of bad talking riffs, but it is all smoothly done. "Like To Get To Know You" is illuminated by being split in two, the last tag coming on the heels of "Stardust." "Chick-a-Ding-Ding" is made pleasantly distinctive through the use of a steel guitar. But the album's masterpiece is "Sunday Mornin'" probably the best vocal group track since some of the cuts on the Mamas and Papas second album (or maybe "Windy"); this is shock rock at its most distinguished. All things considered *Like To Get To Know You* is probably the best recent vocal group rock album, although it has more than its fair share of musical atrocities (in terms of taste and usual standards of rock).

The National Gallery on the other hand is a disastrously pre-fabricated vocal group that attempts to wrestle diatonically with Paul Klee, performing "musical interpretations" of Klee's paintings. This is a hideous album. Pretentious in a way foreign to rock since the Electric Prunes' classic mass (or Vanilla Fudge's electric bullshit), the National Gallery isn't even very slick or competent (buzzing frets, out of control fuzztone, mediocre guitar playing). The whole notion of rock mu-

sicians tackling Paul Klee is absurd, especially when the group is pulling a rear-guard imitation action stylistically. The songs themselves are neatly crafted to insure mock profundity: "Looking, peeking, hiding, seeking answers to all — everything — but nothing answers the ants in my pants sirs." If one has a musical proclivity for interpretations of Paul Klee's work, one might search out Gunther Schuller's "Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee." But not the National Gallery.

JIM MILLER



Creedence Clearwater Revival,
Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy 8382).

On the liner notes to their album, Ralph Gleason states: "Creedence Clearwater Revival is an excellent example of the Third Generation of San Francisco bands." Really more like Third Level— behind the Airplane, Dead, Quicksilver, Grape and all the others. The only bright spot in the group is John Fogerty, who plays lead guitar and does the vocals. He's a better-than-average singer (really believable in Wilson Pickett's "Ninety-Nine and a Half"), and an interesting guitarist. But there's nothing else here. The drummer is monotonous, the bass lines are all repetitious and the rhythm guitar is barely audible.

Fogerty can't carry the load by himself, and when he does get going, as in two or three spots on "Suzie Q," their "big" number (over eight minutes long), he has no complementation from the other members of the group. He's no Albert King, but he plays a fine guitar at times. His singing on "Ninety-Nine and a Half" is beautiful. But even on that track, whenever it's suspended between riffs, the unimaginative drumming kills it. The whole record is unimaginative, poorly produced and a great waste of John Fogerty's talents.

"I Put A Spell On You" bears only a cursory resemblance to Alan Price's version, but maybe it's unfair to compare them with someone so polished and well-established. Even Eric Burdon casts a heavier "Spell."

"I'd rather hear an old man coughing than listen to their (CCR's) rhythm section," says San Francisco jazzman Paul deBarros.

But Fogerty's versatility keeps sneaking through. He even comes on with a little Jeff Beck-ish feedback on "Porterville." He's really the only redeeming quality on the record, and even he gets buried beneath the mediocre non-arrangements and un-inventiveness of the other members of the group.

I've heard them in person (they played free one day on campus in Berkeley), and they sounded much better than they do on their album. They should release "Ninety-Nine and a Half" as a single: I think it would tear up the Top-40 crowd and sell a million. Fogerty's a gas but Creedence Clearwater's Revival may not be worth it.

BARRY GIFFORD



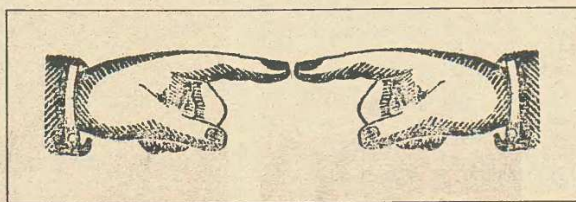
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Dionne Says It Through Songs, Not Talk

—Continued from Page 4

four times and this was a song that was kind of second-hand stuff, and she recorded it. And I really dig the fact that she had a hit record with it."

Other Bacharach/David songs have been hits for Dionne in unexpected ways:

"Why didn't I record 'Alfie' sooner? Mainly because so many people had recorded it already. It wasn't written for me, it was written for a film. I recorded 'Alfie' as a last resort, anyway, because we needed some material to fill an album. And it was available, so I did it. I'm kind of glad it worked out the way it did," she said laughing.

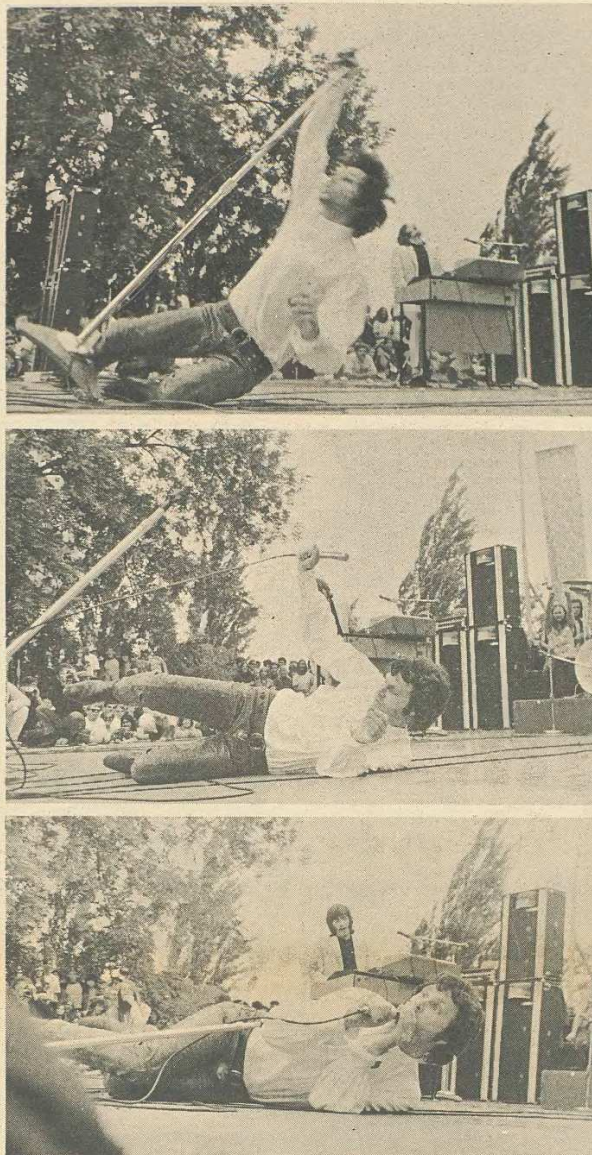
"Most of the songs that I have recorded that have been singles for me were written for male vocals. And this was at a time when Burt was producing two people. They wrote for Lou Johnson, at the time, supposedly the male counterpart of me. And there were two songs that I can name right off hand, that was 'Reach Out for Me' and 'Message to Michael,' which they wrote for him. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, they weren't the records that they expected them to be, and a year and a half later I decided I wanted to do them for album purposes, and the disc jockeys thought they were too good to stay in albums, so they were singles for me, thank goodness."

Material which is not written by Bacharach/David is submitted to her and her producers on demonstration records ("If they hold the continuity that we demand for my recordings, then there it is"). Her first million-seller recording was "Valley of the Dolls," recorded roughly six or seven months ago.

"It's a beautiful song. It was written with me in mind, ironically, by Andre and Dori Previn, and we became very fast friends after I did one of their songs on TV. I received a beautiful telegram from them, saying all kinds of nice things to me. We met in Los Angeles, and one thing led to another and Andre said that eventually they're gonna write one for me, and so 'Valley of the Dolls' came up and there it was. It was the 'B' side of 'I Say A Little Prayer.'"

"Everything that I have to say is done through song. I think that the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' is very instrumental in many ways in making people listen. I continue to say that a lot of things have been written musically that people are able to listen to more readily than speeches. It's like lyricists are automatic speech writers and they write very pretty things and they write very meaningful things. Musically, arrangers are the people who put the music there so that the people will stop what they're doing and listen. That's the way most messages are given as far as singers are concerned, and I believe in it. Bacharach and David are very responsible for at least three songs that I sing that carry very, very strong messages: 'What the World Needs Now Is Love,' 'The Windows of the World' and 'I Say A Little Prayer' turned out to be that way, because of the situation in Vietnam. At the time most of the girls were writing to their fellas and this is exactly what they were saying, a prayer for them. So that turned out to be exactly that way. But I feel very close to those two songs that I mentioned before because they carry the message as to what should be done."

Dionne feels that the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been her national anthem since her gospel-singing days. "Battle Hymn" I've always loved. That's been a part of me ever since I can remember. I started doing it last year, and will continue to do it because it does carry the message that most people need to listen to."



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FIDDLE/MANDOLIN player wanted for the Lost Cause Jug Band. Call (415) 244-2243, or write manager, Lynne Herick, c/o M. Balin, 2110 Baker St., San Francisco.

PIANIST/ORGANIST and singer needed for unusual, promising group. Must be able to work full time. 845-1875, Berkeley, Calif.

FEMALE VOCALIST (soprano) and songwriter looking for work with Bay Area folk/folk-rock group. Write Jill Speare, 60 Murray Ave., Larkspur, Calif. 94939.

GUITARIST-ORGANIST (also some drums) wants to audition with working group. Twenty-three, draft-free. Greg Ball, 841-9117, Berkeley, Calif.

PIANIST sought by Chicago-style blues band. Alan Eliel, 84 Godeau, San Francisco 235-1839.

DRUMMER wants to play with group in San Francisco. Call 339-2191, No. 440, Love.

CITY BLUES HARP — Needs singer (prefer female). Sonny Boy II-Butterfield vein — contact Willy, 2-3529 East Cliff Drive, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

FLUTE player — jazz, rock. Seeking to form or join progressive group. Call Jerry, 564-6346, San Francisco.

DRUMMER — Wants to play with group. Call 332-2151, No. 440, or 824-4461, San Francisco.

SOUTH

FOLK-CLASSICAL guitarist seeks advanced guitarist in same bag within 100-mile radius. Wm. D. Jennings, 517 Hays, Clinton, Okla. 73601.

WANTED — Bassist-vocalist and organist-vocalist, male or female, black or white, but must dig blues. Write Bob, 360 71st Ave., St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. 33706.

DRUMMER, bass, lead guitar needed for progressive-rock/blues group under contract for personal appearances, records. Send personal info and photos to John Michaels, PO Box 1233, St. Louis, Mo. 63188.

EAST COAST

WRITER of above-average lyrics wishes to work with composer of good rock music. Contact Kevin Kealy, 147-08 72nd Rd., Kew Gardens, N.Y., Apt. 3F.

BLUES vocalist and guitarist looking for drummer and bass player with soul to do low-down blues and dirty Memphis in Philadelphia area. Call Tom; 215-DE 3-6989.

DETROIT

HIP guitarist, folk and blues background, would like to gig with folk-rock (Dylan), blues and soul group. Will travel—Elliott, (313) 341-7377, Detroit, Mich.

Ramblin' Charles Adnopoz as Woody Guthrie

—Continued from Page 6

Elliott. He met Woody Guthrie and travelled around the country with him, trading songs and stories, working on ranches out West and becoming something of a living legend himself.

Jack is one of the few people left who really knew Woody and his music well. If there's ever a film made of Woody Guthrie's life, Jack would be the perfect one to play him—in fact, the only one.

He went to England and stayed for six years, playing with Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl at the Troubadour, the first folk club in London, and at John Snow's. By the time he returned to the States he'd been "discovered" and cut his first album for Vanguard. And here he was.

He was resting for a while on the ranch where he kept Brigham, riding him in the hills each day; in the last few untouched hills and valleys of America, the eternal vision of the last cowboy. Jack had been riding Brigham up on a mountain with nothing but open country for miles around when a jet bomber flew over the mountaintop drowning the peace and beauty of the land with its roaring supersonic engines and set him to yellin' and shakin' his fist at that crewcut college-kid pilot and his monster airplane—Jack and his horse defending that mountain — a lost cowboy from Brooklyn fighting to preserve the sanctity of his corner of America.

He'd been working on his Land Rover that he travels around the country in—he doesn't have any permanent home, but keeps Brigham at the ranch in California — he said Tim Hardin had broken the rear axle while driving it over a curb, and was kind of holding a daily court for all his old friends and anyone else who dropped in to see him while he was around.

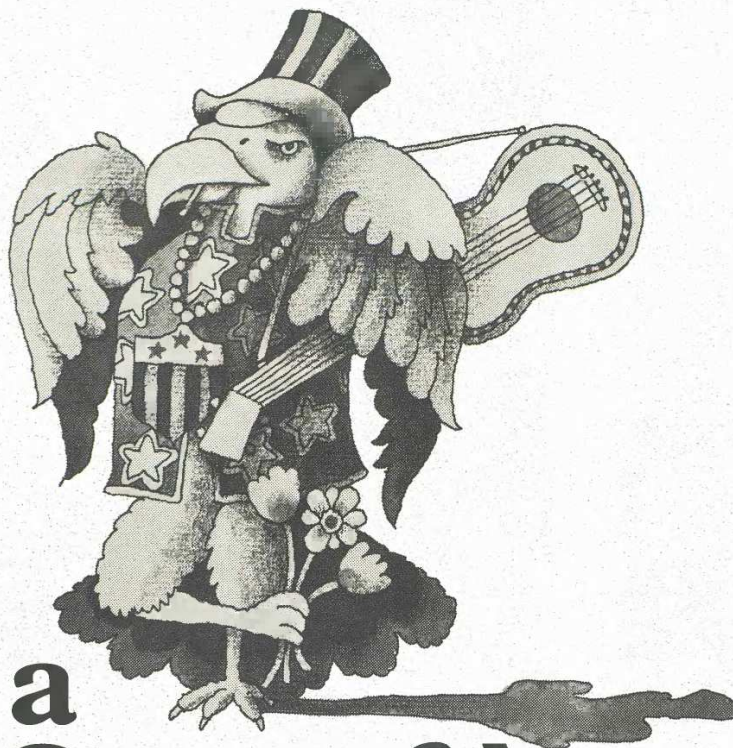
Jack was a bit angry over the way Harold Leventhal had run the Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert in New York earlier in the year—trying to leave him out of it and inviting a bunch of people who never even knew Woody. Jack finally got an invitation after threatening to set up outside the door of Carnegie Hall and play on the street the night of the concert.

So Elliott travels around, playing in small towns, earning his way from coast to coast, exploring old Indian campsites for arrowheads and other relics; working his cowhorse Brigham whenever he gets to LA — the last wandering cowboy-troubador.

From storyteller to singer Jack Elliott has made his mark. He's influenced folk performers all over the country and continues to do so. He's a beautiful guy. You can't help but dig Jack Elliott, the artist, the cowboy, the man. Johnny Cash wrote his tribute to Jack on the back of his latest album, and now I've added mine. We love you Jack, and want you to know it. You're the greatest.

HELP!!

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There's a United States of America that's a far cry from Mom Apple Pie and the Flag.

It's the United States of America of The United States of America. (Hang in there; we won't lose you.)

The United States of America is the name of the most exciting new rock group around. And the name of their first album. It's also what their album is about. A gut level view.

One of an America that can't escape the light of day and hide behind the wholesome images everyone holds so dear. (Like the good old American Eagle.)

It's the America of turned-on people and turned-off people, and simply twisted people. And strange desires lurking behind upright, uptight facades.

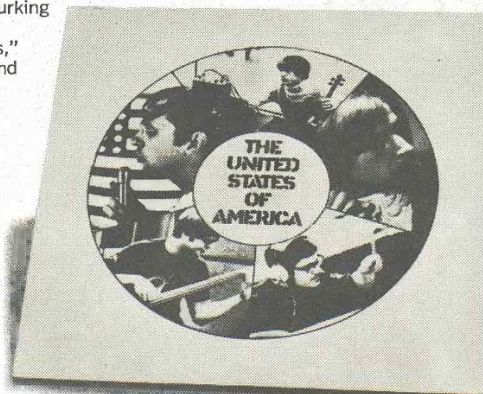
In cuts like "The American Metaphysical Circus," "I Won't Leave My Wooden Wife for You, Sugar," and

"The American Way of Love," the lyrics will bite your head off. And the sound... well, it's something else: Electronic... a whole new thing... places where no one's been before. Synthesizers, distorters, unlikely instruments turned electronic. The music surrounds and lifts you, and throws you around a little, too.

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